WEEK ENDING NOV. 15 1924

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

PIECE COPY

In this Issue:

AIN'T HUMAN NATURE HUMAN

By

FANNIE HURST

This Amazing Essex Success The Result of Value

The greatest of all Essex cars is responsible for the greatest of all Essex years.

No car at or near the price rivals this in actual proof of value — which is SALES.

You cannot judge today's Essex even by the great Essex values of the past. Until you ride in it you cannot know how far it surpasses any former Essex.

With Hudson it has established the record of the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

ESSEX
Six
COACH
$1000
HUDSON
Super-Six
COACH
$1500
Freight and Tax Extra

Balloon Tires Standard Equipment

The duty of one woman to another . . . is to *tell* her

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.

The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during these years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds containing phenol, cresol and bichloride of mercury *are* powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they *must* be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antisepsis has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called Zonite, and it combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and *fifty times* as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues but fatal to germ-life.

Pass this booklet along to others

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

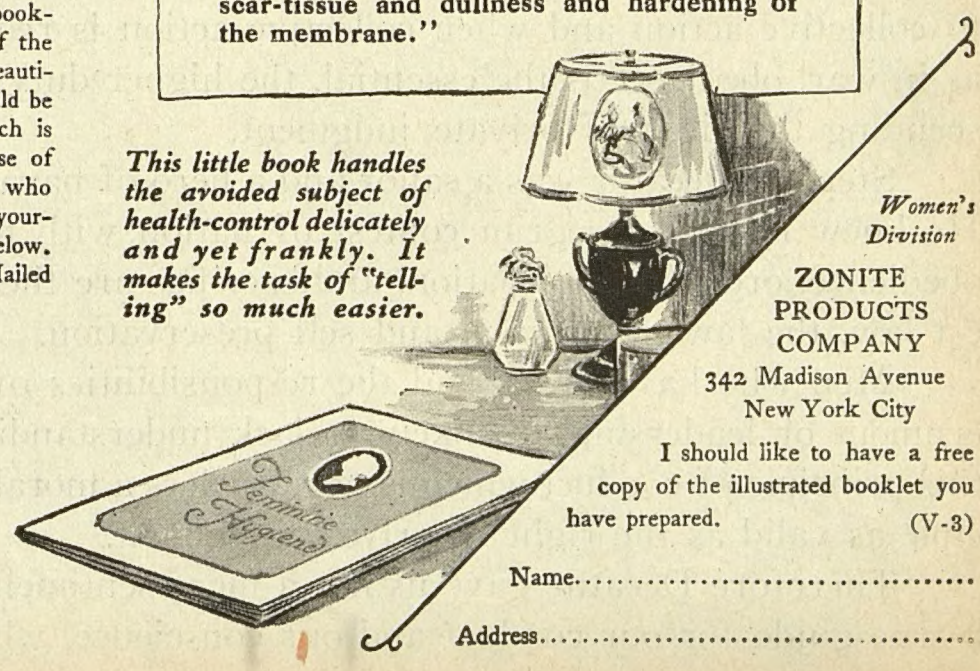
No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope.

No excuse for poisons, says Science

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

"Bichloride of mercury and cresol compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most phenol and cresol compounds are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."



This little book handles the avoided subject of health-control delicately and yet frankly. It makes the task of "telling" so much easier.

Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY
342 Madison Avenue
New York City

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (V-3)

Name.....

Address.....

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., 342 Madison Ave., New York City
In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

In bottles 50c and $1.00 all druggists

Zonite

Nov. 15, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 1 No. 28

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG"

The college eleven is facing its ancient foe in the great battle of the season. The quarter back has given the signal for the play. But the right half back says "That play is foolish. I won't try it," and the game is lost.

That couldn't happen on the gridiron. But it would happen if football players did not recognize the wisdom and rightness of the principle expressed in Stephen Decatur's famous toast: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."

This sentiment or rather principle of patriotic action has been much criticised and misinterpreted. It has been called an invitation for wrongdoing by the nation and a denial of the right to listen to the dictates of conscience.

It is neither. It does not deny the right or the duty of the citizen to listen to his conscience as to public as well as private conduct. It does not deny his duty to do all that he can to influence the lawful agents of national judgment and action, the legislative or the executive branch of government, to follow what he thinks is the right course.

But it recognizes that in our intercourse with foreign nations we must act as a nation or cease to be a nation, just as the individual members of a football eleven must act as a team, not as eleven independent players. A contrary rule would mean chaos and certain defeat. So when the duly constituted authority of the nation, the government, has come to a decision as to what course of action the nation will take in its intercourse with another nation, the duty of the individual citizen, like the duty of the individual player on the eleven, is to obey. That duty he owes to his country to protect it from chaos, not merely defeat, and he owes it to his fellow citizens and to himself. It is a duty essential to collective action and when collective action is required, as in war, obedience is the essential, the higher duty, transcending the right of private judgment.

Stephen Decatur was a sailor and a hero of naval war. He knew that in the grim contest of nation with nation, obedience, order, subordination, and sacrifice are the highest law, the law of survival and self-preservation.

Men who have never had the responsibilities of government or leadership are likely to lack understanding of this principle of conduct which is nevertheless a moral principle as valid as the right of private judgment.

Therefore Decatur gave us not a mere sentiment, but a true guide for our conduct and our conscience, when he declared that in our country's intercourse with other countries, though in a citizen's private opinion he might deem his country wrong, his duty is to support his own country's judgment and not the judgment of a foreign country.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

Ain't Human Nature Human! *Some humorous discoveries*.....By FANNIE HURST 5
The Bishop of Sing Sing. *The story of a great prison chaplain*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT 8
All the Symptoms But One. *An unusual short story*..By ROYAL BROWN 12
Woodrow Wilson. *Part I of a remarkable character study and appraisal.*.....By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE 19
$500 a Week for Last Lines of Limericks. *Some winners and another chance* 24
The Beauty Prize. *A motion picture review*.....By ALVA TAYLOR 26
The Flying Viking. *All about one of Uncle Sam's globe-girdling aviators.*.....By C. M. LINCOLN 29
Do You Bawl Out Your Husband Publicly? *An article for nagging wives and their favorite prey*.....By ANONYMOUS 32
A Lovelorn Editor Tells the Truth. *The memoirs of a heart specialist.*.....By DORIS BLAKE 34
Another Cross-Word Puzzle for Liberty Readers..... 38
Signals. *A short story of football and college loyalty*.....By DOUGLAS DE Y. SILVER 39
Anything But the Truth. *Part III of a thrilling mystery serial*.....By CAROLYN WELLS 42
The Turning Point in the Life of William Dubilier....By MARY SMALL 46
Twenty Years on Broadway. *Part IX of the memoirs of the miracle man of the stage*.....By GEORGE M. COHAN 47
Ordering Your Dinner Gown. *Fashions*.....By CORINNE LOWE 53
Varied Style Tendencies for Late Fall. *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA 54

Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

What's Become of the 400?

GRACE ROBINSON

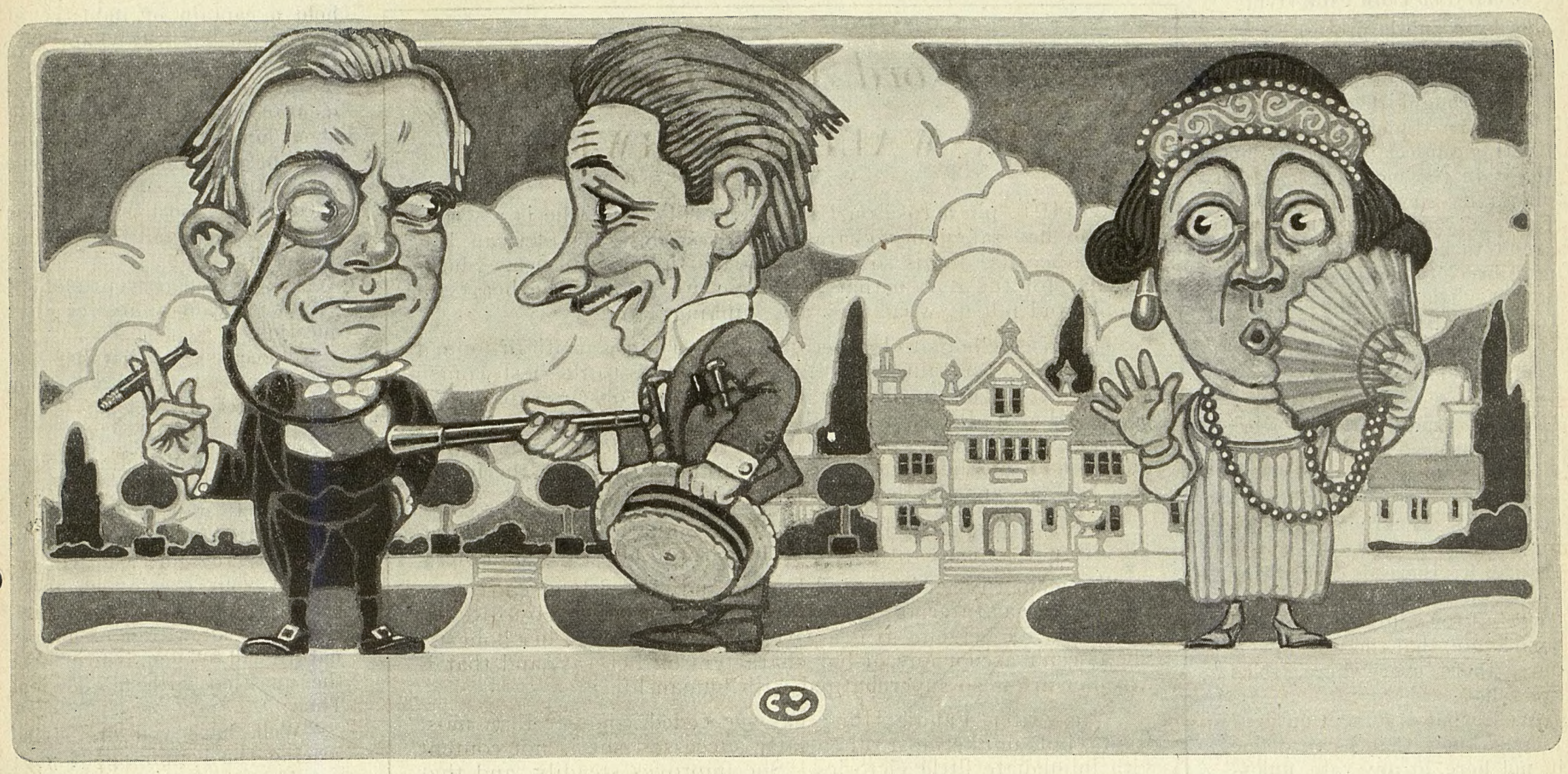
Do you know how entree to society is gained—what you must do, and not do, to be one of the so-called elite? And do you know how the standards have changed since the good old days when Mrs. William Astor and Ward McAllister named the four hundred persons they considered New York's socially elect?

The story of how Society has been transformed, turned inside out, by the war, prohibition, and miscellaneous modern influences is told by *Grace Robinson* in next week's Liberty. *What's Become of the Four Hundred?* recounts, among other things, how stately dowagers have become accustomed to rubbing elbows with chorus girls, and how speed and zip have been injected into fashionable life.

And next week's issue also introduces you to a character new in fiction—a Robin Hood in petticoats! She holds the center of the stage in an exciting story of mystery and romance, *A Transaction in Pearls,* first of a series called *Crimes, Limited,* by *Frederic Arnold Kummer.*

Then there's the concluding installment of *William Allen White's* great study of *Woodrow Wilson,* and a story you will enjoy, by *Harley P. Lathrop, The Fightin' Heart of a Mick.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.



—ain't HUMAN NATURE HUMAN!

There Is Something Perpetually Astonishing, Says This Famous Author, in Discovering for Yourself, Time and Time Again, That the World Over, Here, There, Everywhere, Folks Are Folks

By FANNIE HURST

Decorations by GUERNSEY MOORE

AIN'T human nature human? It is! So infallibly so that it is the most constant quantity in the makeup of man.

Heredity, climate, race, creed, education, profession, may do their best to differentiate man from man and succeed, alas, often to the point of estranging him from his kind, but the one characteristic that is as infallibly ours as the physical structure of the human body is human nature.

One of the tritest and truest things ever said is that human nature is the same the world over.

And one of the sublime aspects of the tortuous old business of authorship lies in the writer's diagnostic frenzy to ferret out the sometimes obscured and imbedded humanity in humans.

Probably the question which the writer of fiction is asked more frequently than any other is:

"Where do you get your human nature?"

Where? Why, there isn't a man or a woman of you with this weekly in your hands, and reading this opus, who isn't a laboratory of human nature. *You* are where we get it! And you are our job. The job of those of us who are wanting passionately to interpret you in terms of yourselves.

Not that we authors are entitled to a corner on the human nature market. Human nature is the most universal study in the world. It is a book of life, open to all of us, and those who take the trouble to study it know more about the business of getting on in the world in which we live than those who go their ways without taking into consideration the big fact that you never really understand folks until you have taken the trouble to study them a bit.

IT IS almost a foregone conclusion that the man who enters competitive life of any sort and wins out, must be a student of human nature.

John Jacob Astor and Napoleon Bonaparte and Cecil Rhodes knew men!

The surgeon who sticks his knife into just the identical spot which lies over the appendix knows his human anatomy. Well, the mental and spiritual anatomy of the *genus man* is just as cunning an art.

It is a wise man who studies it. It's a wise man who doesn't try to swing over a big deal with a hungry board of directors. It's a clever woman who makes herself more desir-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How Do You Explain These Phases of Human Nature?

One millionaire collects hotel soap and another Rubens paintings.

A third man collects cigar bands.

A brother complains bitterly of his sister—but let an outsider try it!

Everybody likes to talk about himself.

The woman with the blackened eye defends her wife-beating husband in court.

A condemned murderer asks for a violet!

A circus dwarf is married to a circus giant.

A millionaire takes a factory girl as bride.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

able by a subtle process of restraint.

The practice of human nature is a thoroughly legitimate one.

And the student of this fascinating subject is to be envied. He is in the most magnificent university in the world. The University of Life. His books aren't to be found in the running brooks nor his sermons in stones. His books are to be found in the running arteries of human beings, and his sermons in human flesh.

THAT aspect of my work which has to do with the study of human nature is what keeps the job of authorship perennially evergreen. No matter how well you think you realize it, there is something perpetually astonishing in discovering for yourself, time and time again, that the world over, here, there everywhere, folks are folks.

Well, what *is* human nature? I don't know that I can define it, not here, at any rate, unless by attempting to digress into some of the bi's and zoo's of the 'ologies. But here are some examples of human nature.

I know a banker in Duluth worth four million dollars. He is one of the charitable men of America. A philanthropist and a connoisseur. When my friend the banker goes traveling he collects all the hotel soap in his suites everywhere, makes a neat package of it at the end of the week, and parcel posts it home to his housekeeper with instructions to boil it down for household cleaning.

I suppose there is nothing particularly admirable about that. Some may think it even a little mean. I don't. It's—well—it's human, that's all. Now go and force me to be more explicit if you can!

And it is a fair wager that the man who has dealings with Mr. Duluth, and who has studied human nature enough to realize that somewhere in the makeup of the four-million-dollar banker is the soft-soap streak; the man who knows enough to stick his knife right over that spot in his study of the human nature anatomy of Mr. Duluth is going to get what he wants!

There are some almost invariable reactions of human nature under given stimuli. It is like watching a hundred frogs in the laboratory squirm in identical fashion under the identical poke in the ribs.

Take, for instance, this instinct in most of us: A brother may complain bitterly of his sister, but let an outsider so much as agree with him about his sister's shortcomings and up rises brother to her immediate defense.

Illogical? Yes. But there is something about that flesh-and-blood loyalty that gives you a nice little shiver of goose flesh, all the same. It's one of the classical symptoms of human nature.

Take the woman with the blackened eye who defends her wife-beating husband against the charges of the court.

You cannot quite despise her. Ridiculously enough, there is something a little sublime about the spectacle of her leading her recreant spouse back home. Deep in behind the fist that bashed her the blackened eye something in that woman is sensing the human nature of the man. Her man. He bashed her in the eye, but hate isn't necessarily the only underlying motive behind a bash in the eye. The woman in her crude way senses the human nature of the act and in turn has the human nature to forgive.

PROBABLY the greatest student of human nature in modern times was Theodore Roosevelt. He seldom took a situation at its face value. The personal equation was his first consideration. His curiosity about folks was insatiable. Even keener than his intellectual curiosity. He recognized the great common denominator underlying all human deportment. He hobnobbed with kings and Rough Riders and understood them equally well. More than that, he understood that kings and Rough Riders are pretty much brothers under their skins.

That is the first secret of the so-called "good mixer."

He knows that what separates men and builds up barriers between them is environment. The same human nature everywhere, only reacting differently under different conditions.

The "good mixer" of an insurance agent who dares to nudge a world-famous diplomat in the ribs may be guilty of passing bad taste. But he knows that under his diplomatic skin the world-famous statesman is doubtless just as much of a regular human being as the rib-nudging insurance agent himself.

Did you ever see a deacon unbend, or a physician lay aside his professional manner, or behold a captain of industry at play with his Sealyham terriers?

Did you ever try the experiment of getting a person to talk about himself? The experiment is about a one hundred per cent successful one.

One of the most trying of the many questions put to me about authorship is:

"How do you get your plots?"

Now, I cannot answer that question.

Not because I am not disposed to, but because I do not *know* where I get my plots.

THE genesis of a story is subtle and difficult to trace to its source. It does not do, however, to try and explain that to your interrogator, who will interpret your evasion as snobbery. The most successful evasion, your knowledge of human nature will tell you, is to answer the question with a question. Thus:

"Well, have you ever tried tracing the beginning of *your own* ideas to their source? Now, wherever did you get your first idea for that pretty little old-fashioned garden of yours?"

About ten times out of ten your interrogator becomes eager expositor and his question about you will be forgotten in his narrative about himself.

Human nature, that's all; and it is just about the most wholesome ingredient lying about in this old world. It is what makes us brothers under our skins. It is what gives us our sense of kinship.

It is the warp and woof of every great story that has ever been written and every great doctrine that has ever been preached.

Big business is founded on some one or another's successful interpretation of human nature. Woolworth's Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores; Lloyd's; first editions; auction sales; antique dealers.

The successful showman knows human nature and caters to it.

Barnum was one of the world's great students of human nature. He studied its foibles and set up a pink lemonade monument to them.

Take lottery. From time immemorial one form or another of the gamble of lottery has existed in the world. The blend of naïveté and gambler's instinct in the human makeup is simply irrefutable.

And so you may reason indefinitely from effect back to cause, and reach no end of conclusions about your neighbor.

And human nature thrives in strange places. A few months ago in the death house at Sing Sing, a self-confessed murderer about to go to doom desired more than anything else a bunch of violets as part of his rites.

Offhand a seemingly strange and irrelevant caprice, but after you give it a moment's thought, as natural as any other desire for absolution.

At the hour of death men's thoughts turn to the beauty and the glory and the wonder of God. All in the violet.

The study of human nature is the only science of the makeup of the human being that

A Good Word About Fannie Hurst

By WALLACE IRWIN

I WISH to pin a rose on Fannie Hurst because she is a writer who has taken her characters, alive, out of American life, and because she is so much a part of living America. She is popular for the reason that she seems to see into the hearts of people and tell us what they are thinking about.

The rose belongs to her because of a certain warmth of human appreciation, a certain humanity which belongs to the best women of her race. The dwellers in small hotels, in obscure apartment houses, the tired women both behind and in front of the counter, the girl who never sees her dream come true; Fannie Hurst understands all these and takes them to her heart with the fervor of a Dickens and the dramatic power of an O. Henry.

Fannie Hurst has always had an eye out for the under dog. This is not a pose with her; it is part of her rich kindliness.

She went to Russia to find Utopia and stayed long enough to see that it was Inferno. It is characteristic of her to go to Russia to find out for herself. It is a part of her realism and her honesty. She doesn't accept any of her characters on heresay, and that is why her art is so supercharged with human life.

As a writer, Fannie Hurst has succeeded younger than most others, but, unlike most other early successes, she is not content with immediate little victories. She improves steadily, and that is because her endowments are large. She is not a one-story writer. She didn't stop at Humoresque, and she won't stop at Lummox.

She has a mind that gathers impressions, emotions, pictures out of the air. And, best of all, she is an artist who has flourished on American soil, studied our life, and learned to look upon our weaknesses in a gentle and forgiving spirit.

is open to the laity. Psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, biology, anthropology, special scientific training and equipment. The world is the vivisector and the vivisected.

There is art as well as science in recognizing human nature when you see it and thereby keeping your point of view sweet and fresh and understanding. The act of recognizing or not recognizing it creates the difference between the misanthrope and the man who finds this planet a pretty jolly dwelling place.

Analyze a crank and you will understand him and perhaps pity instead of despise him. It's like knowing the mechanism of a clock. You don't smash it up against the wall when it balks. You tinker with it.

ONE of the greatest laboratories for the display of human nature is the theater. Watch an audience seeing itself reflected in the play across the footlights. Watch that audience observing, let us say, a mother protecting her son from the anger of his father.

One touch of human nature makes the entire audience kin. That scene strikes home because every woman in that theater is either that kind of a mother, or potentially that kind of a mother, and every man in the audience is either married to one like her—or willing to be.

And human nature isn't the product of any one place. It doesn't confine itself to crowds or farms or cities or villages. The identical breed of human nature asserts itself in a city flat or on a Minnesota farm.

Recently I read on the same newspaper page that a Lilliputian in a circus had married the giant of the side show and that a factory girl in a mill town had married a multimillionaire.

Both of the items were newspaper headlines for the same underlying reasons. It is human nature for contrasts to attract each other. And both of these marriages, the Lilliputian and her giant, and the millionaire and his factory girl, were backed by the same psychology. The attraction of opposites.

It is like a maze, this merry business of life. Everywhere you turn you stub your nose and your toes on it. Human nature!

Ain't human nature human? Yes, if you are human enough to love it and to try to understand it and to study it and to make yourself more at home through that understanding for the three score and ten years which are apt to be allotted you on this planet.

Ever travel in a foreign country and find yourself among people who neither understand your language nor you theirs?

Once for two months I lived in a beautiful Italian village south of Naples, where the few hundred inhabitants were wine growers of scant education and enormous isolation. I knew no Italian and not one person in that little community knew any language save a highly dialectic Italian patois.

But in those brief two months I came to be on friendly terms with at least half of the villagers.

I remember well the Cimbronni family. The women — Mrs. Cimbronni and her pretty daughter-in-law, Angelica—ran the village bakeshop, and the men worked a little vineyard a mile and a half away.

I used to sit in the bakeshop entire mornings, talking in pantomime with the women folk and seeing the men troop in hungrily for lunch.

There wasn't much difference between the life of this family and the lives of the families of the petty farmers one encounters all through the Middle West of America. Custom and environment differed. Sometimes radically. But the way Mrs. Cimbronni bickered with her old crone of a mother-in-law and spoiled her eldest granddaughter and maneuvered her before the eyes of a young village soldier and held out lira from the bakeshop coffer in order to help her scamp son meet a card debt was a performance in every language.

The language of human nature. One needed only to observe the Cimbronni family at its daily tasks and then compare it with the daily routine of a Minnesota farmer's family to realize the oneness of the human instincts that prompt our behavior.

The news dealer on my corner collects cigar bands, and one of my connoisseur Wall Street friends is rich enough to collect Rubens paintings. What separates these men in the social scheme of things is nothing like so strong as the bond which unites them. The collector's instinct! Environment, money, education have shunted them to different social levels. But the underlying human nature is pretty much untouched.

ONE of the most idealistic schemes for the betterment of the social scheme of things has failed up to date, because subtly, somewhere, all systems devised for its practice seem to fly in the face of human nature.

Socialism. Even the opponents of the Marxian dream concede that theoretically the socialistic state is founded on wide humanistic principles, but, on the other hand, even the most ardent disciples of its application up to date are forced to admit that somewhere lurk certain defiances of human nature.

Man simply will not bend his will to conditions that defy his social inheritance.

Some day a working scheme may be presented which will have ironed out the element which is antagonistic to human nature.

The press is a great indicator of the humanness of human nature. Entire Sunday supplements are devoted to portraying famous people at their every day tasks. Wives of United States Senators hanging out the family wash. A world-famous diva pottering in her kitchen. The most famous inventor in the world with a lapful of Easter chickies. The richest man in the world dandling a kneeful of grandchildren.

LOOK at the great ado the newspapers made over the midnight oath of President Coolidge. There was something in that stark little scene of the son, standing in his father's farmhouse and taking before him the most important oath a man can take, that fired the public imagination.

That scene presented President Coolidge as a great man and as a simple human being. That front parlor was the kind of front parlor that any average citizen could stand in. It made Mr. Coolidge human. America treasures that picture. The press knows why.

No one has ever catalogued human nature as a science.

Probably because it isn't.

It is the Q. E. D. of all the speculation in the world, though, concerning the phenomena of *us*. We are the answer in the back of the arithmetic. And the scientists are scrambling to find out our square root.

People sometimes ask me if I prefer to write about the poor.

No. One type of person or society is just as interesting as the next. There is just as much human nature lying around a drawing room as around a tenement. And the brand is about the same.

There is a growing fallacy in the public consciousness of this country, engendered probably by the sentimentality that lurks in much of our contemporary fiction.

It is the fashion to assume that you cannot be both rich and admirable at the same time; that virtue lurks in poverty, and salaciousness in wealth; that human nature is at its best among the poor.

That is not logic. That is the emotionalism of melodrama. Human instincts are not necessarily smothered under the gold dust any more than under mill dust.

There is as much generosity and loyalty, as well as dishonesty and inhumanity, among the rich as among the poor.

Human nature is the same the world over!

Our negro janitor came in this morning, beaming, with the announcement that his wife was the proud possessor of triplets. The second set in two years.

"Can you beat it?" he said, with a grin like a strip of court plaster from ear to ear. "Come this time nex' year there'll be six of the little scalawags crawlin' aroun' the floor, and come this time year after nex'—no tellin'."

Ain't human nature human!

THE END

THE BISHOP of

This Is the Story of Father Cashin, the Famous Priest Whose Mild Blue Eyes Have Melted the Hearts of Thousands of Inmates of New York's Famous Prison, and Who Has Taken the Last Walk with One Hundred and Fifty Men Condemned to Die in the Electric Chair

Pictures by CLARK FAY

So Winters and the boy met for the last

THERE had been much debate in the warden's office as to whether Winters might see the boy. The kid was only ten. He had been fetched to Sing Sing by Winters' brother.

He knew in a general way that his father was being punished for killing his mother. He didn't know that his father was to die in the electric chair that night. They had planned to tell him his father had died, but not now.

He was eight when his mother died. He had not seen it—the murder. He was in bed when it happened. Later the police took him to court, where he saw his father and where he answered many questions about his father and his mother. Then he was taken to a school where they were very good to him, but never mentioned his father.

Two years later his Uncle Dan came to the school and took him for a ride on the train. Uncle Dan was very silent. The boy felt, rather than knew, that there was something pretty serious the matter. And finally they got off, walked up a steep, winding hill and down a road past iron fences and stone walls until, at length, they were in an office.

A priest took the boy's hands and asked him whether he wanted to see his father very much. The priest was a big man with clear blue eyes. The boy liked the priest and somehow felt warmer and easier with him. Yes, he would like very much to see his father.

And then the priest drew him into another room where a very nice woman gave him a glass of milk and two little cakes and told him to sit down. She gave him a book to look at. Outside the priest and the warden and Uncle Dan talked.

"Father Cashin is opposed to taking the boy to Winters," said the warden to Uncle Dan.

"Not opposed, exactly," said the priest. "But I can't see what good it will do. Especially back there." Father Cashin nodded toward the inside of the prison.

"Winters goes to the chair tonight," he continued. "Did you think before bringing him?"

"It was hard to decide," said Uncle Dan. "My brother wanted to see the kid. It was hard to decide. He's my brother, after all——"

"I'll leave it to Father Cashin," said the warden. "What does Winters say?"

It was decided that Winters should see the boy, but not in the dismal cell block where the condemned await the executioner. Now and then they do that at Sing Sing — not very often.

SO Winters and his boy met for the last time in a corridor outside the cell block. Guards stood within a step of the murderer. Father Cashin stood behind the boy with his hands on the lad's shoulders. The boy began to cry even before his father spoke.

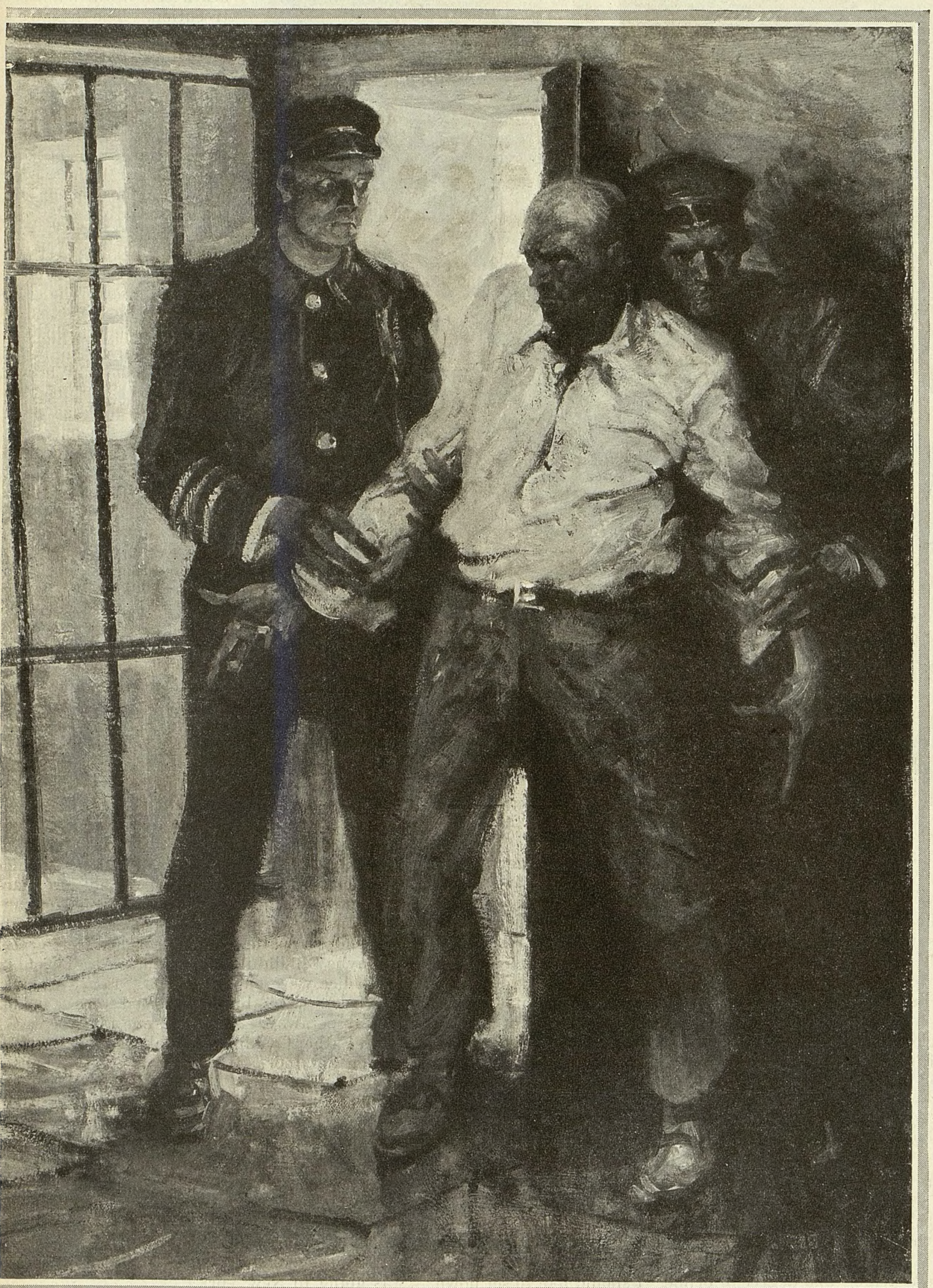
"Lissen, kid, lissen," snarled Winters. "Don't pay no attention to what the bulls say. Lissen, they're gonna—gonna put me away for killin' your mother. Lissen, kid, women did this to me. Don't do nothin' they can put you in jail for, kid. Stay out and get even with women for me, kid. The women put me where I am. The women are killin' your father, kid."

Winters was getting hysterical. He stepped forward to grasp the boy, who was no longer crying but clinging to Father Cashin, terror-stricken. The priest had put his hands over the boy's ears and was holding him close and backing toward the door. The guards took Winters' arms.

"Ya got me, damn ya; ya got me!" he screamed. "I'll make the kid hear."

SING SING

By Walter Davenport



time in a corridor outside the cell block.

He shrieked. Father Cashin was half carrying the child through the door.

"Spend your life ruinin' women, kid. Ruin them. Make them jump into the river. Don't kill them. Ruin them——"

The boy, now screaming in terror, was turned over to the woman again. Father Cashin went to the condemned cells, his face white, his jaw set, his hands clenched. Winters was cursing everything in Heaven and earth. He dared Father Cashin to come to him.

The guards protested, but the priest entered Winters' cell. And there he stood, tall, silent, strong, with his back to the door, watching Winters crouched in a corner. The condemned man leaped. The priest received him, and, before the guards entered, Winters was on the floor of the cell, pinned there by the powerful preacher of the gospel.

Father Cashin did not arise. Instead he remained on his knees praying. Winters, on his feet, towered over the priest, the guards holding his arms. He might have kicked the kneeling man. Instead he slumped to his knees, and the guards let him go. And then, as the priest prayed, Winters prayed, too.

THAT night, an hour before Winters died in the chair, he wrote a letter to the boy. The boy has it, therefore it can't be set forth here. But in effect it was to be good; to let Father Cashin be his counselor; to study his lessons; to be good to all men and women; to cling to his church as he would cling to life; to pray morning and night; to be a good man, a real good man.

And just before Winters took that last short walk he said to Father Cashin:

"Look after my son. Never lose sight of him. Thank God for you."

Thank God for Father Cashin!

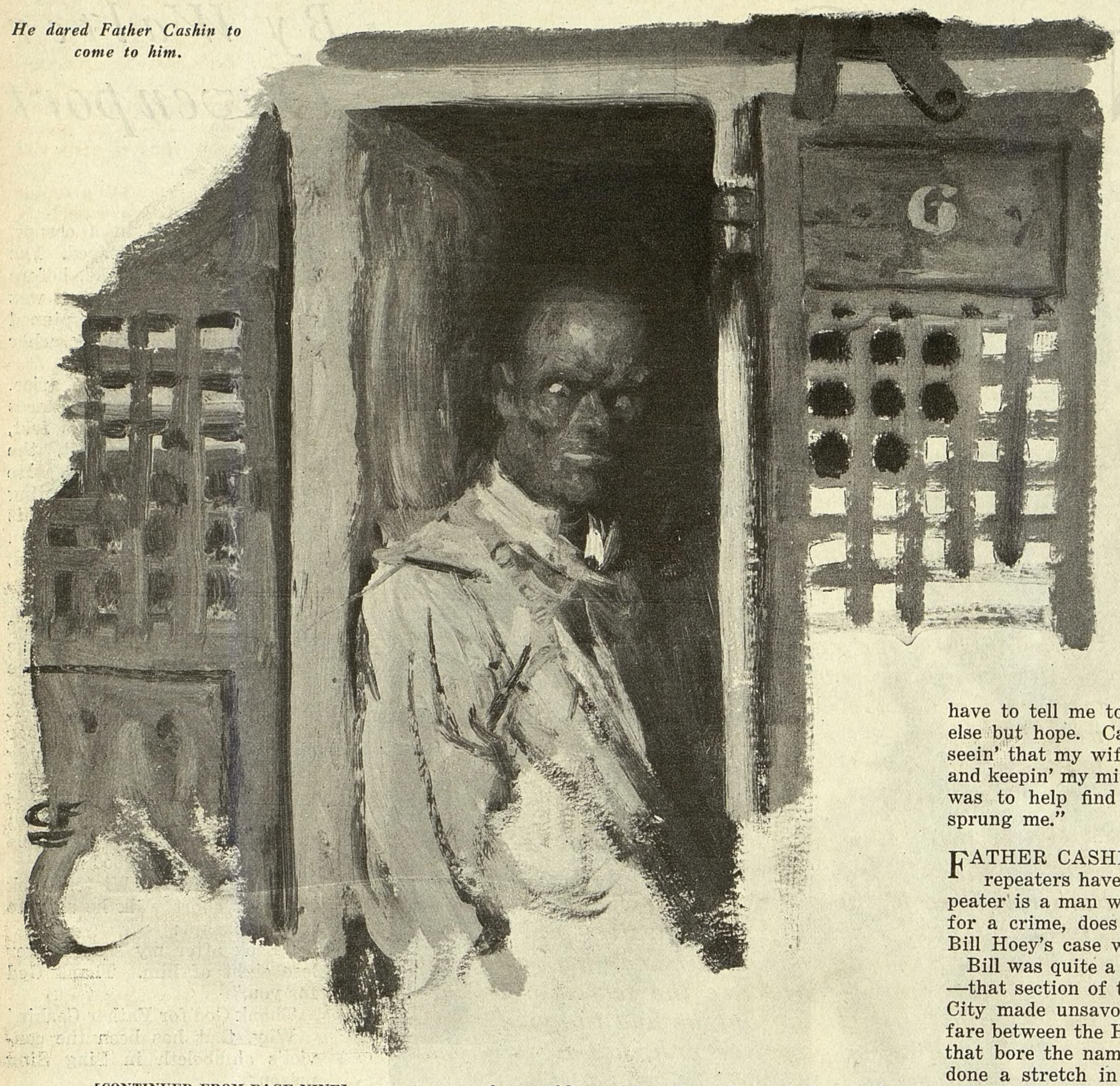
Why, that has been the convict's shibboleth in Sing Sing prison.

Recently, in a chapel made beautiful with roses grown within the prison walls by all sorts of malefactors, Father Cashin preached his farewell sermon. He had been relieved of his duties as "Bishop of Sing Sing" and sent to St. Andrews near Brooklyn Bridge, a parish long shepherded by the late Monsignor Luke Evers. Here he will continue, in a measure, the work he has been doing in Sing Sing. He will succeed Monsignor Evers as chaplain of the Tombs, that historic half-way house for men and women who come under suspicion.

Here he purposes opening a clinic for the souls of men which, founded on principles that are not new, will nevertheless exceed in its humanity all of its predecessors. Briefly he will seek to save men from the second half of the journey—the trip from the Tombs to Sing Sing. You are challenged to name a man better fitted for the work.

I was the rawest cub on the newspaper when I first met him. The city editor asked me whether I had ever seen a man die.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



He dared Father Cashin to come to him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

"No," I replied.

"Well, a reporter isn't equipped to begin unless he has seen a man die," he replied.

He gave me a bit of paper—a pass to the execution of a man whose name I can't recall. For some reason I told the chauffeur to take me to Father Cashin's house. Probably because I was a little frightened.

"The execution takes place at six o'clock tomorrow morning," said the priest. "It's only eight o'clock. They must have wanted to be sure you'd get here on time."

I thought I detected a little bitterness in his voice. We talked until ten. He took me upstairs to a room.

"Lie down here," he said. "Sleep a while. I'll wake you up."

He did. The sun was shining. It was eight o'clock. Stupidly I stared at him and thought of reproaches.

"Did you want to see him die?" he asked.

"No, but——"

"I know, son. I'll tell you what happened. That will be enough, I guess. You are very young. Probably your life will not be less full for having missed this one tragedy."

FOR twelve years the Rev. William E. Cashin has been "Bishop of Sing Sing." Entering the priesthood, he aimed at pedagogy and for a time lectured in sociology at the Catholic University. But the powers decided that the man who could combine the mind of the teacher with the personality of the leader was lost (or at least half lost) in the classroom. So they sent him to Staten Island to govern a school for boys.

After two years he was transferred to a parish where Saturday nights resounded with the echoes of the batter of the nightstick and the air was filled with the symphony of massed growler parties. Gentle men of God languished in that parish and took to rest cures. Physical giants who lacked a leaven of diplomacy found it their Sedan.

Father Cashin made it no Elysium, it being a tremendously human precinct, but the police, seeking one of the bully boys who had indulged too enthusiastically in the grosser things of life, found it expeditious to see him first. Usually he found the indiscreet one for them.

And then to Sing Sing, to walk back and forth in hell with malefactors of every variety and degree of crime. I should like to set down here conversations I have had with Father Cashin. I should like to give you his philosophy in his own words.

But he won't let me.

In his study there is a picture of the sower sowing seed, some of which is falling on good ground. The most powerful sermon I have ever heard flowed into my ears one night as together we sat beneath that picture comparing the wood fire at our feet with humanity—how it roars in its fullness, idles in its retrospection, glows in beauty as it wanes, and presently falls to quiet passing.

Not very long ago I met in Broadway a man who spent nearly a year in the death cells awaiting electrocution. The higher courts reversed the verdict which sent him there. In so far as his church affiliations go, he was a Protestant. At least he was born of Protestant parents and he has not disavowed their beliefs. He was no philosopher. He hated the courts, the authorities. For a few moments he coated them all with profanity.

"All of them," he said. "All but Father Cashin. Lissen, fella, Cashin was the only guy who never threw the bull. When it looked as if nothin' this side of hell could save me Cashin was the only guy who didn't come around with a lotta bull about hopin'. Hell! They didn't have to tell me to hope. I didn't do nothin' else but hope. Cashin was always the same, seein' that my wife got an even break outside and keepin' my mind on the main thing, which was to help find the guy whose testimony sprung me."

FATHER CASHIN doesn't know how many repeaters have surrendered to him. A repeater is a man who, having been imprisoned for a crime, does it again after his release. Bill Hoey's case will serve, however.

Bill was quite a personage in Hell's Kitchen—that section of the West Side of New York City made unsavory by the internecine warfare between the Hudson Dusters and the mob that bore the name of the district. Bill had done a stretch in Sing Sing and was, two years ago, at liberty. He held forth with his followers in a shanty on a vacant lot near Eleventh Avenue, and one night a patrolman carrying out orders to keep that lot vacant was shot to death as he approached the shack.

Maybe Bill did it; maybe not. At all events, the police were out after him. For two days the chase was on, but Bill seemed to have made a clear getaway. And then, one night a week later, Father Cashin was awakened by a pounding on his door. His house is some distance from the prison.

"They're after me, Father," said Bill. "A bull was bumped off and they think they got it on me. I'm in bad, with me record and all."

Father Cashin put Bill to bed. He telephoned police headquarters in New York.

"Don't worry about Hoey," he told the commissioner. "I'll fetch him in. Don't send anybody up here, please."

In the morning the priest told Bill that he was going to New York.

"Get all the rest you need, Bill," he said. "Meet me at Grand Central at six this evening."

Bill met the priest at six. Together they went to police headquarters.

That's merely a sample of the quiet power of the man.

The four gunmen who, at Charles Becker's bidding, murdered Rosenthal, the gambler, were electrocuted on an Easter Monday morning. They were Lefty Louis, Whitey Lewis,

The Man with a THOUSAND SECRETS

A LONELY city street—a shot in the night—and a wayfarer falls dead. After days of feverish activity the police turn up a well-known gunman as the murderer.

Did he do it or didn't he? The courts decide he did—so away he goes to Sing Sing and the electric chair. There he meets "the man who knows"—Father Cashin, who, in his fifteen years as Roman Catholic chaplain of New York's grimmest prison, has learned to read human souls to their depths. And then—but this article tells why such men say, "Thank God for Father Cashin!"

FATHER CASHIN
Keystone Photo

This is just one item in the remarkable work of the priest who is called "the Bishop of Sing Sing." For fifteen years Father Cashin has stood in the torrent of desperate, hardened men which comes pouring into the steel gates "up the river," watching, working to save what he can from the human wreckage. Locked in his mind are the secrets of a thousand dire crimes—stories that none but he and the men concerned will ever know. And for fifteen years he has given hope where possible, comfort when there was no hope, and has achieved seeming miracles of redemption.

Now Father Cashin is being transferred from Sing Sing to parochial work in New York, and thousands of convicts mourn his loss—for reasons that the accompanying story of his work makes plain.

Gyp the Blood, and Dago Frank. Lefty, Whitey, and Gyp were Jews. Frank was a Catholic. The newspapers had it that Lefty was "the brains" of the quartet.

At that time the families of the condemned men were taken directly to the cell corridor. They stood three feet from the cells, in front of a heavy steel screen. Between that screen and the bars back of which the prisoner stood was a guard, or perhaps a pair of guards. Presumably it was impossible for visitors to transfer anything except the outspoken word to the condemned.

ON Easter Sunday afternoon the numerous relatives of the gangsters arrived at Sing Sing. They were taken to the cell block in relays. Each group was granted from three to five minutes, and the orders were that the first sign of hysteria was to terminate the interview for any group. No farewell lasted more than two minutes.

One of the groups was made up of the wives and some of the brothers. As they were leaving one of the women fell to the floor fifteen yards or so from the cells containing Lefty and Gyp. Her screams chilled even the guards. The other woman fell beside her. Both of them shrieked wildly.

The guards left their posts for a moment in a panicky effort to restore order. The screaming women were carried out. There were no more visitors to the cells that day. When quiet had returned, Father Cashin went to that end of the corridor where the four gunmen were. It was a rabbi who walked to the chair with Lefty, Whitey, and Gyp, but it is not ignoring the respect due him to say (and it is true) that it was to Father Cashin that these three Jewish prisoners spoke with greater freedom.

Gyp and Lefty were in great spirit.

"Come here, Father," said Lefty, "I've got a surprise for you. We boys ain't going to die in the chair."

"Lefty," said Father Cashin, "you know that you are boasting. Nothing is going to save you. You know that."

"We're not going to the chair."

Father Cashin walked to Dago Frank's cell. He heard no boasting there. Nothing but a blubbering, hopeless youth cowed into something near imbecility. Frank was gone. No hope. Nothing but galling terror.

The priest suddenly returned to Lefty.

"I can only guess, Lefty, what you have in mind," he said. "There is no chance for escape from this cell. There is nothing in this cell with which you can kill yourself."

"I told you," sneered Lefty, "that we're not going to the chair."

"LEFTY," said Father Cashin, "you have just said good-by to the people you say you love—your mother, your father, your wife. Now, I don't know what you have or what your plan is. But before you do it, consider this. If you are the man I think you are you'd die twice in the chair rather than have any of those people in the fix you're in. Isn't that so?"

No answer.

"Your only chance of escaping the chair is suicide, Lefty. If you boys have received anything—poison, for example—you got it from some of those people who came to visit you today.

"If you kill yourself with poison everybody who was here to visit you today will be arrested. Lefty, it will not be hard to find the one or the ones who were in the conspiracy. And you know what the charge against them will be, Lefty. Murder.

"Now, it's up to you, my boy."

Father Cashin was half way back to the miserable Frank when Lefty shouted:

"You win, Father. Whitey, it's all off. Give the pill to Father Cashin. Gyp, hand yours over."

INTO Father Cashin's hand Lefty and Gyp surrendered capsules about the size of a large grape. Whitey hadn't received his. While the two women lay on the floor of the death house screaming and while the guards left their posts for a moment someone had rolled the capsules through the steel screen toward the cells.

Lefty and Gyp had received theirs. Whitey's had not rolled true. The guard, returning, had crushed it under foot. The miserable Frank, seeming on the verge of utter breakdown, had not been included in the plan to avoid electrocution. He was hated as a weakling and a possible squealer.

I can add nothing about the man that I have not said. They are relieving him of his duties at Sing Sing where he has walked with one hundred and fifty men to death, and assigning him to a little church in lower Manhattan. He did not want to leave the prison. Still, like a good soldier, he did not resent orders.

Perhaps he will not mind if I give his answer to a question I put to him when the talk of his transfer was first heard.

"Won't you find it hard at first working in a parish of freemen?" I asked. "Don't you think that your work here has hardened you, or even made you a little less tolerant?"

"To the contrary," he replied. "I am more tolerant and less inclined to accuse and condemn than I was when I came here. Outside, perhaps, I shall see less clearly the utterly naked soul of man."

THE END

All the SYMPTOMS But One

By ROYAL BROWN

Pictures by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I can only stop a second," scid the head. "Was there something you wanted?" In her heart she must have known that what he really wanted was to see her.

I.

NOW there is no question but what in the beginning Fitz William Blair desired to make trouble, and for a member of the very opposite sex who certainly considered herself a lady and so conducted herself at that. As for Fitz, he should doubtless have been ashamed of himself, but doubtless he was not.

The truth was that he was a badly spoiled child of twenty-eight who had had his way ninety-eight per cent of the time since he had first opened his mouth to announce his arrival in what, so far as he was concerned, had never proved a vale of tears. To the contrary, he had managed, for the most part, to have an astonishingly good time.

This morning, however, he regarded the world with disfavor.

It was not quite half past six, but he had been awakened to have his face and hands washed with a detestable degree of efficiency.

This happened every morning. To protest did no good. So this morning he searched his mind, which was ingenious, for something that would irritate the night nurse, it being she who woke and washed him.

"I think," he announced, "I'll write several letters after breakfast."

The night nurse disappointed him.

"You'll have to speak to the day nurse about that," she said.

He had always heard that nurses were young and beautiful. Patients, he had heard, inevitably fell in love with them. But so far he hadn't fallen in love with the night nurse. Nor with the day nurse, either.

They were forty, but they were neither fat nor fair. They were "specials," and extra selected "specials" at that

The head had seen to that.

"Fitz William Blair," the head had murmured as she ran through what Fitz would have called his commitment papers. "Does—he—look the part?"

"Go in and see for yourself," suggested the junior medical.

The head had done so. It was her professional duty. Besides, she wasn't forty yet, by many a day, and, although she was alarmingly efficient, she was not without curiosity.

"Gracious!" she had commented, and decided at once that Fitz was no case for any young or impressionable nurse.

The head was young—almost too young, the board of directors had feared. She was very unimpressionable, however. She proved that by her treatment of members of the staff, who, if not old enough, were at least married enough to have known better than to try and impress her.

They succeeded only in discovering that the glint of red in her pretty hair had been put there as a warning to unwary males.

The head's name was Mary Niles, and her mother and some of her friends called her Molly. No one in the hospital so addressed her. She was wise beyond her years, and wary, too.

So it was that Fitz had his reputation to thank for Miss Prunes, the night nurse, and Miss Prisms, the day nurse.

These were his names for them—at the best the convalescent male is an unchivalrous beast.

But Fitz was unappreciative. So as soon as he had finished his breakfast he again demanded paper and pen.

"Nonsense," snapped Miss Prisms, and proceeded with her morning routine.

"You will, please," said Fitz, "refer the matter to the head."

The day nurse gave him a glance that should have sent his temperature up and then departed. She returned with an expression of ill concealed satisfaction.

"The head," she reported, "says she has no such authority——"

"Tell her," he ordered, "to go to the staff and get some then!"

THE head was in her office. There were three operations scheduled for the morning and an accident case—automobile—was on its way in.

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, "what's got into the man?"

"He's been bad enough ever since he came," explained Miss Prisms. "But, now that he's better, he's worse."

This does not sound right, but the head knew what Miss Prisms meant.

"I'll speak to him," said she, her pretty mouth setting most uncompromisingly, and breezed into his room with a crisp, "Good morning!"

A SHORT Love Story of a Rich Young Man Who Goes to a Hospital to Be Cured of the Flu and Contracts a Far More Alarming Malady!

"Good Lord," gasped Fitz, "you aren't the head, are you?"

"I'm the head," she assured him.

"I have much to forgive you then," he assured her. "But—I *do!*"

HE smiled and, in spite of herself, she smiled, too.

"Please be reasonable," she said, in not quite the tone she had intended to take. "You know very well you aren't able to write letters yet."

"Perhaps you're right," he admitted. Then, fearing that she was about to rush off, he added, "but couldn't I dictate just a few?"

"Dictate?" she echoed, and paused to consider that.

"How many letters must you dictate—or *feel* that you must dictate?"

"Only a few—to my mother and some friends who sent flowers."

"You can dictate a few lines to each," she conceded. "Miss Luscombe will be glad to assist you, I'm sure."

Miss Luscombe was the day nurse's official name. The vision of her taking his dictation amused Fitz, and he almost accepted the offer. Then suddenly he had a brilliant, breathless idea.

"Couldn't I have a regular stenographer?" he pleaded.

"You mean—from the outside?"

"You don't keep them in stock, do you?"

The head made a snap decision.

The result was that Fitz got his public stenographer. But that was not the sole result. Miss Prisms had for Mary Niles no more enthusiasm than a special of years standing might be expected to have for a chit of twenty-eight who happened to be head of a hospital merely because there is no justice in the world.

The other result, therefore, was that within an hour all the nurses and most of the patients had heard that the head had entered Fitz' room breathing discipline and had emerged as meek as a lamb. To Miss Prisms' credit, she did *not* say that the head had flirted with Fitz. She had merely said that Fitz had flirted with the head, which was more or less true.

Nevertheless, by noon the hospital had it that the head had flirted with Fitz. Even the best regulated of hospitals—which the head honestly hoped to make hers—is apt to get things twisted that way.

Of this the head was quite unconscious when at noon she returned to her office. A package intruded itself upon her attention. It was from a florist and she felt irritation that it should be left there until, suddenly, she saw that it was addressed to her. She opened it. Fragrance as costly as that of attar of roses at a dollar a drop greeted her pretty nose. There was no card inclosed, only a typewritten sheet which announced:

"From a grateful and appreciative patient."

Twenty minutes later Lizzie Lipkofsky, in the maternity ward, who had a two-day-old baby, stopped her sniveling to stare in round-eyed wonder at a bunch of orchids with a butterfly alighting upon them.

Also, though a minute before she had wanted to die, she was feminine enough to pause and wonder how much the flowers cost.

The head hoped that Fitz would hear what had become of the orchids and feel properly snubbed. He heard, thanks to Miss Prisms, but he was not snubbed.

THE junior medical was in the head's office when she returned there the next day at noon. He glanced up and grinned as she entered.

"Every morn," he hummed, rather off key, "I send thee violets——"

Fitz' floral offering, however, proved to be American Beauties. Four dozen of them.

The head ignored the junior medical as she would have ignored the message enclosed if the former had not been watching. She opened it casually enough almost to fool him, and then

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Truscon Steel Casements give a charm to both exteriors and interiors.

Homes of Individuality

Look around and you will see that the artistic, distinctive homes, so much admired, are usually equipped with Casement Windows. Truscon Steel Casements not only lend a distinctive appearance to both interiors and exteriors, but with all their advantages they can now be had at a cost within the reach of the modest home builder. Improved manufacturing facilities and quantity production have made this possible.

The outward swinging Truscon Steel Casements give 100% ventilation. When closed they are weathertight and never stick, warp or sag. They are sturdy and durable and never need repairs.

These fire resisting, perfectly operating casements transform the ordinary house into an attractive home, giving it individuality and distinctive appearance.

Send the coupon for interesting Home Builders' Encyclopedia which covers these home essentials.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Warehouses and Sales Offices from Pacific to Atlantic.
For addresses see phone books of principal cities.
Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Foreign Div.: New York.

TRUSCON
COPPER STEEL
STANDARD CASEMENTS

TRUSCON STEEL CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, U. S. A.
Warehouses and Offices in Principal Cities

Without obligating me, send free copy of Home Builders' Encyclopedia. I am interested in building a.....
Name .....
Address .....
City .....Lib. 11-15-24

Truscon Home Building Products

Standard Copper Steel Casement Windows, Copper Steel Basement Windows, Metal Lath and Corner Beads for plaster and stucco, Steel Garage Doors and Windows, Standard Lintels, Concrete Reinforcing, Steel Joists, etc.

for sale by dealers everywhere

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

promptly put the roses to shame with the color that stung her cheeks. She read:

> Dearest and best:
> I am recovering rapidly and doing nicely. I have a comfortable room and competent nurses. As for the hospital, it is a peach, and so is the head. She is the sweetest, prettiest little thing you ever saw——

At that point she stopped short.

"I think," she managed, conscious of the junior medical's interested eye, "that there has been some mistake. These are, obviously, meant for somebody else."

In order that the mistake should not be repeated she took the flowers to Fitz's room herself. He greeted her with enthusiasm.

"I've been hoping you'd come," he announced. "Isn't it part of the head's duties to drop in occasionally and see that the patient is resting comfortably and all that?"

This she disdained.

"Some flowers came to me by mistake," she informed him, freezingly.

"Not by mistake. I meant them for you. Four dozen American beauties—have you counted them to be sure they're all there?"

"Was this note intended for me, too?" she asked, thrusting it upon him.

"Lord, no!" he gasped. "*That* was for my mother. I wonder how that stenographer managed to get that mixed up."

The appearance of innocence was upon him; for a second she almost believed him. He did not deserve that.

"I hope the mistake won't be repeated," said the head, austerely. "If you really want to show your appreciation promise me you'll send me no more flowers," she suggested. Then, because he managed to look so much like a playful puppy that has been slapped, she felt a little sorry for him, and added, "I don't want to seem unappreciative, but it's really not good policy for me to accept flowers from patients."

"I suppose not," he said, looking quite crushed.

THE package that arrived the next day contained, as he had planned, not flowers but candy. Ten pounds of it.

The head set her pretty lips grimly.

"So that," she thought, "is the way he keeps his promise!"

The head, with other rigorously suppressed frivolities, such as a love for dancing, the theater, and good music, was fond of candy. But she rewrapped the box at once and returned it to Fitz by an orderly with a note. She wrote:

> This is another mistake.
> I hope it will be the last.

Now little notes in feminine handwriting were not new to Fitz, but this one interested him beyond reason. He read it through several times during the afternoon. Later Miss Prisms found it under his pillow and drew her own conclusions. These did not flatter either Fitz or the head, but that did not prevent her from broadcasting them.

The net result was that Fitz received a glare from the junior medical which he did not understand but which failed to worry him.

The head was less fortunate.

II.

IN the hospital at the moment was a woman weighted down with the cares of middle age and several mysterious maladies. This was Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird, who occupied what might be termed the state suite. She had two specials, and Cleopatra's slaves were never treated more exactingly than they.

One of the board of directors had the misfortune to be married to her, which naturally gave her special rights and privileges.

The wear and tear of running a house just for her husband and her pet Pom had left her a nervous wreck. A sympathetic and correspondingly well rewarded physician had prescribed absolute rest for her.

But how was rest possible in a hospital as poorly run as this one?

Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird summoned the head to ask her that very question. The head flushed, but said she was very sorry—was there anything she could do?

"Yes," snapped the lady who needed rest. "You can stop flirting with that young man in thirty-seven and set a better example to your staff."

"What?" gasped the head.

"You heard me! I'm sure that the reason my bell went unanswered for fully ten minutes this morning was because that young hussy who is supposed to attend me was flirting with one of the internes. I don't know as I blame her—how can you expect your staff to attend to business when you set them such an example?"

The head crimsoned to the roots of that hair which had a glint of red in it. But she tried to keep her temper. There were several reasons why she should, one of which was a young brother at Harvard.

"That," she said, "is utterly uncalled for, but if you feel you have cause for complaint I suggest you make it to the board of directors."

The tone of her voice was admirable, but her heart sagged sickly as she said that.

"I certainly shall!" promised Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird.

From this interview the head

went straight to her office. She sat at her desk for fully two minutes—a long time for the head to sit undisturbed and oblivious of her surroundings—before the inevitable package insinuated itself upon her attention. It was a book this time, and the title was:

LOVE STORIES
By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

The head, looking more like an avenging fury than a ministering angel, picked up the book, and, with her cap a little awry but with a glint in her eye that matched the red in her hair, marched to Fitz' room.

"Hello," said he, cordially. "I've been hoping you'd drop in. . . . Oh, you've got my book, have you? I hope you read it. You need a little sentiment in this business."

Of what had happened that morning he was as unaware as he was of what was seething within her. He still craved action, but he was, none the less, taken by surprise when she hurled the book at him.

"My Aunt Maria's glass eye!" he protested, ducking hastily. "You might have hit me with that."

"I wish I had!" she said.

There was no question about it; she *was* too young to be the head.

"But why?" he demanded, plaintively. "I'm sick and I should be humored. I'll bet my temperature is going up like a skyrocket——"

He paused abruptly, having sustained a second shock.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "I'm sorry. Please don't cry. I had no idea——"

But the tears the head was struggling against threatened to develop into a downpour, and she fled. Fled back to her office, where she shut the door and put her head down on her arms and—let go.

Fitz was still strangely subdued when Miss Prisms brought his lunch.

"Now, why," he was thinking, "did she act that way?"

He was not thinking of Miss Prisms at all.

Even so, he did become conscious presently of an aura of smug satisfaction she positively radiated.

"You seem," he remarked, "to have had good news. Am I to be permitted to congratulate you?"

The tone in which he said it did not mar her satisfaction.

"It's not I," she said, "that's to be congratulated, but the hospital. It needs a competent head and I have an idea that it's going to get one—at last."

"What! You—you don't mean that Miss Niles is leaving?"

"I mean," she corrected, "that she is going to be asked to leave."

"What for?" he demanded. "Stop grimacing and tell me what you're driving at."

Miss Prisms found herself a little frightened, which rather surprised her afterward, when she thought it over. So she told him about what Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird had said to the head and what the head had said to Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird, all of which the latter had repeated, with no sense of unfitness, to the very nurse whose alleged derelictions had precipitated the storm.

NATURALLY the hospital rang with it.

"I'd like to wring that old cat's neck," the junior medical was assuring the head at that moment. "But anyway she's only the wife of *one* director. The others know that you've made good."

The head managed a smile.

"They weren't enthusiastic about me in the beginning," she reminded him. "And besides, the latest report is that I flagrantly insulted her. I don't know the exact details—but I suspect they'll be still further enlarged upon."

This he rather believed himself. But before he could reply Miss Prisms intervened.

"Mr. Blair," she announced, "wants to know if you'll be good enough to come to his room."

The head never flickered an eyelash.

"Tell him I'm too busy," she replied evenly.

Miss Prisms withdrew, but was back in a minute.

"He says," announced Miss Prisms, breathlessly, "that if you won't come to him he'll come to you. I'm—I'm afraid he means it!"

The junior medical bristled.

"Would it help any if I sat on his head?" he demanded.

"I think," said the head, "I can do all the sitting on him that is needed."

The one thing she did not reckon with was that she would find Fitz even madder than she herself was.

"What," he demanded ferociously, "is all this nonsense Miss Luscombe has been telling me about your being ousted?"

"That," retorted the head spiritedly, "is a matter I hardly care to discuss with you."

"Is it true?" he persisted peremptorily.

The head had never dreamed he could use

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

She read Fitz' note, glanced at herself in the mirror and then . . .

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

such a tone. Nor, for that matter, had he.

"I believe," she admitted, "that a complaint is to be made——"

"That is rank nonsense. This is the best run hospital I was ever in——"

"How many have you been in?"

She had him there. Before he could recover she added:

"Is that all you wished to ask me?"

"All!" he exploded. "Good Lord——"

The head turned to Miss Prisms.

"I think you had better have a bromide prepared for Mr. Blair."

"I sha'n't drink it," said he ferociously. "If you think I'm going to lie here while they put you out——"

"That," said she icily, "is something you will please dismiss from your mind. It is no concern of yours whatsoever."

So, spurning the bromide Miss Prisms offered him, Fitz lay awake long after the hospital was presumably asleep. But a hospital never sleeps. There are lights and movements, nurses passing almost, but not quite, silently to and fro.

"Is there anything more I can do for you?" asked Miss Prunes, professionally.

"No," said he. Then he added irrelevantly: "Does the head ever get any time off—or do they work her twenty-four hours a day?"

"She is supposed to go off at seven. But her assistant is sick——"

"Why should anybody want a job like that anyway?" he demanded irritably.

"Some people," said she meaningly, "are not so fortunate as to be able to do nothing."

To her, as to most misguided mortals, to be able to do nothing seemed fortunate. Fitz himself never questioned his good fortune. But now, as he lay awake, he pondered the riddle of existence, and for the first time in his carefree young life wondered what, if anything, he had ever done to justify his presence on earth.

He decided he had done nothing—which decision was at least a step forward.

This was but a transient thought; his real preoccupation centered about the head and her predicament. He was very determined to straighten that out, and presently an idea came to him. He approved it and almost immediately dropped asleep.

III.

MRS. THROCKMARTIN-BAIRD was less fortunate. She had not, on her own statement the next morning, slept a wink all night long.

She was not, therefore, prepared for the ordeal to which she found herself subjected soon after breakfast when Fitz arrived at her room. He came in a wheel chair, propelled by Miss Prisms.

He was a bit white around the lips and gave a general appearance of shakiness, but his eye, fixed on hers, was as relentless as the Ancient Mariner's.

Naturally Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird guessed what he wanted, but on that point she was determined to stand firm; and anybody who knew her would have given odds that Fitz would not escape without being so informed.

Yet actually Mrs. Throckmartin-Baird said little, for suddenly it became apparent to her that what might be right, so far as the head was concerned, might be wrong should Fitz make good his thinly veiled threats. For he had, she discovered, come neither to cajole nor to placate.

She knew Fitz' connections. She had never dreamed, naturally, of antagonizing anybody so important—she had merely been doing her duty as she saw it.

Now she suddenly saw it in another light. So she herself prepared the way to retreat by suggesting that if Miss Niles would apologize she would consider that matter closed.

"That," said Fitz, softly, but with that new tone and that new light in his eyes that baffled everybody, "is very good of you. But I want you to apologize to Miss Niles."

"I sha'n't," she retorted, flatfootedly.

"It is a matter," he agreed, "for your conscience and your—judgment."

Fitz left it so. To her conscience and—her judgment. The latter, at least, presently assured her that she was in the unfortunate position of a person who has bitten off more than she can chew.

But perhaps the dose was good for her.

"I fear," she told the head, stiffly, "that I was hasty yesterday. I realize that many things must try you and that everything is not always to your liking. I trust that anything I may have said will be forgotten."

The head could hardly credit that. She had been on the run all morning and had yet to

"Who gave you permission to wander about?" she demanded sternly.

"I did," said he cheerfully. "Enjoy your vacation?"

learn of Fitz' intervention. When she heard she understood. But she was not touched.

"Good Lord!" she groaned. "Are all men so stupid!"

Of that Fitz, back in bed and suffering precisely the physical reactions Miss Prisms had prophesied, had not an inkling. He did not expect thanks; he was prepared to deny the necessity of it—which was why, perhaps, his ear quickened every time footsteps approached. But the head did not appear either that day or the next.

This, Fitz tried to persuade himself, was right and proper. But on the third day he had an alarming thought.

"Is Miss Niles ill?" he asked. "I haven't heard her about lately."

"No," said Miss Prisms. "She's going away tonight."

"Going away?" he gasped. "You mean she's leaving?"

"For two days—her assistant is back."

"Oh," said he, rather inadequately.

One resolve Fitz had made. He had canceled the other gifts and notes that were to have come to the head; he would flirt neither with her nor Fate any more. At six, however, he demanded that an orderly be sent to him. The latter left the hospital soon after, returning at seven with a box for Fitz. He was then sent to the head with a note. This read:

> Won't you drop in for just a minute before you go? Please!

The head had also made a resolve and that was *not* to permit Fitz to make her more trouble.

But tonight she was in a reckless mood. The brother whom she was putting through college had written her. He had decided, so he said, that he'd rather go to work than continue at Harvard.

Her two days' leave were to be spent in an effort to get him headed back toward his goal. But first she *was* going to dinner and then to the theater with the junior medical. This was not good common sense, but she didn't care. At the moment Fitz' note was presented she was about to depart. She had on a new hat and a frock made of a stuff known as charminette. On her, at least, it justified its name, and she realized it.

Perhaps, too, in laying aside her uniform she had become more feminine, a throwback to the Molly Niles who had been not only young and pretty but vivid and gay and very much sought after.

Anyway, she read Fitz' note, glanced at herself in the mirror, and then——

The head had flung a book at Fitz. But Molly Niles took his breath away. He was freshly shaven and looked as good as new. Also he had managed to get rid of Miss Prunes, and so they were quite alone.

"I can only stop a second," said the head. "Was there something you wanted?"

In her heart she must have known that what he really wanted was to see her. Anyway, being feminine, the admiration in his eyes repaid her for coming.

"Won't you accept this?" he asked, producing an immense box. "Please—as a peace offering?"

The head might have resisted not only his eyes but the almost incredible bunch of violets the box disgorged, but Molly Niles did not.

"How perfectly wonderful!" she cried. "I'm going to the theater—and I'll wear them. Thank you, so much."

"I'm glad," he told her, "that you're to have some fun for a change."

And he was—then.

AFTER she had gone Fitz lay there and thought about her for a long time. He had known many women and they all had been nice to him. Yet the head, Fitz decided, was worth a hundred such women as he knew best.

As he lay awake he felt humble and self-deprecatory. He wanted nothing for himself, many things for the head.

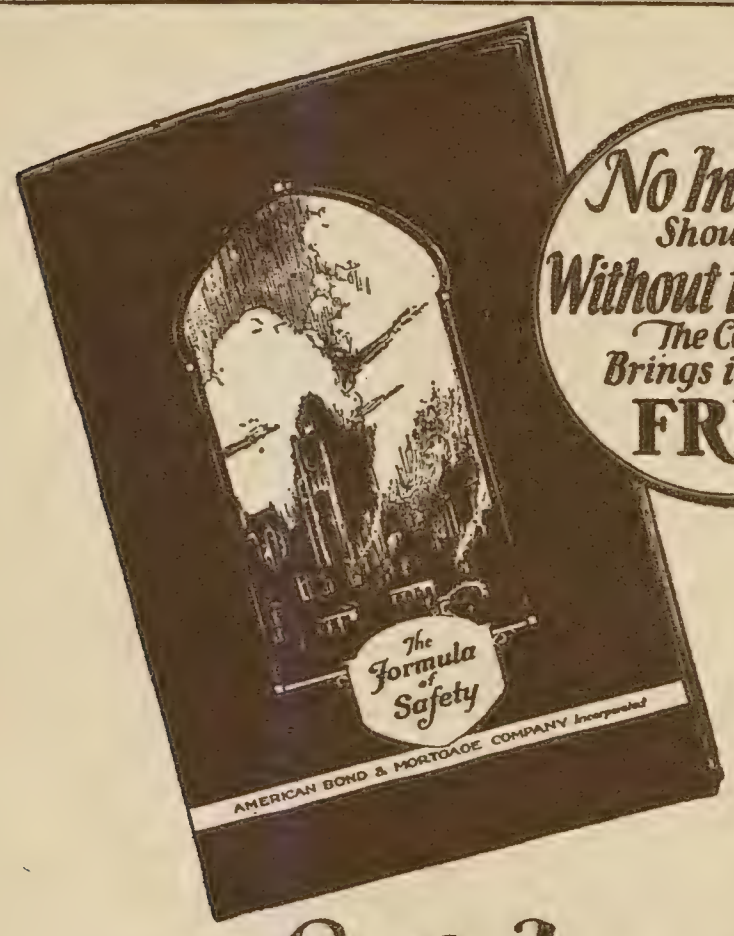
This was because she deserved everything, he nothing. And because he had never known that symptom before he did not recognize it for what it was, the most important symptom of all.

The head returned of a Thursday morning at half past six. The leave of absence had not, apparently, rested her. She look tired, and there were lilac shadows under her eyes.

The hospital seemed hateful to her. There was no longer any reason why she should stay there and several why she should not. One reason was that a church mission board had asked her to consider going to China as a medical missionary.

She wanted to go somewhere, do something

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



No Investor Should be Without this Book The Coupon Brings it to You FREE

Safe Investment Made Easy by this Book

This valuable illustrated book, now in its third edition, has brought happiness and independence to thousands of homes all over the country. It will bring *you* the opportunity to assure your own financial future, if you but send for it.

You must actually see this book to realize how much it can do for you. By spending a few minutes leisure time *now* in your own home or office, you can save yourself many future days and nights of worry.

After you have read this book, it will be easy for you to begin a program leading to sure financial independence in later years. You will know facts of vital importance which will help you to safely invest for future happiness.

Fill out the coupon below. Find out for yourself how valuable this booklet is. Your copy will be mailed within 24 hours after this coupon has been received. No cost. No obligation.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Established 1904 CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER $5,000,000 Incorporated

127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 345 Madison Ave., New York

Rockford Detroit Davenport Albany Boston
Syracuse Cleveland Grand Rapids Philadelphia

AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

American Bond & Mortgage Co., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me, without charge or obligation, my copy of "Formula of Safety." (C. C. 355.)

Name _____

Address _____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

different, recover, if possible, a definiteness of purpose that seemed to have vanished. And—though this she refused to admit even to herself—there was another reason why China seemed desirable.

The nearest she came to putting this into words was the self-admission that she was, after all, feminine enough to be capable of making a fool of herself.

This filled her with a sort of suppressed fury.

THE morning passed. Fitz ate his lunch in a mood of marked depression and evident irritation. The head had not been in to see him, and he was, as yet, hitched to his bed. After lunch he got himself dressed from the waist up and dismissed Miss Prisms for the afternoon. He then rose and managed to get into his trousers.

This took him ten minutes, but made him feel like a new man.

The new man moved on shaky legs, but he adventured forth and presently discovered the head's office and the head herself at her desk.

"Hello," said he, making it sound quite matter of course, though his heart seemed to be trying to suffocate him.

The head was surprised—yet somehow not wholly surprised.

"Who gave you permission to wander about?" she demanded sternly.

"I did," said he, cheerfully. "Enjoy your vacation?"

"Yes," said she, which was hardly the truth.

He had not been invited to enter, but he went in, supporting himself by the edge of her desk. The sight of her revived him, but it also added to his shakiness.

"Ready," he suggested, "to work another year before you take a day off?"

"Oh!" said she, "I hope to get a real rest before that. I've decided to go to China and I'll have a wonderful chance to rest on the way."

"Going to China?" he gasped. "Going to leave here? After you've worked so hard and made a success of it all?"

"I believe the success part of it has been questioned," she reminded him.

"Only by that old hen," he said, ever so gallantly. "I fixed her——"

"I think you meant well—but do you think you were really wise? It has created more talk. And that makes my position almost as difficult——"

"So that," said he slowly, "is why you're going to China!"

"Oh, no! There are other reasons."

Fitz was not listening. He was thinking of China and of opium dens and pirates and all the other devilish things an excited imagination can attribute to that land. And he pictured her away off there, young, ever so lovely, and utterly unprotected.

Of love he had felt, times innumerable, all the symptoms but one. This, the most important, had been developing for several days.

Now its presence suddenly revealed itself.

"Look here," he announced, in the most unloverlike tone—he was indeed almost savage. "If you go to China I'm going, too. That's flat. If you think I'll let you go alone and unprotected——"

"Aren't you," she interrupted in a tone that should have been crushing but which did not sound so, even to her, "rather often-affected this way?"

Fitz was shaking in a way that should have caused her professional concern. But that wasn't what she meant.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking!" he retorted. "But if you believe for a moment I've ever felt this way before you're mistaken. Anyway, I'm not asking anything for myself. I know I'm not worthy to kiss the dust on your shoes——"

There was no dust on her shoes. They were as white and as immaculate as the head's should be, but she did not so remind him.

The malady that so shook him was shaking her, too.

THE head rose, unsteadily. She was breathless, exquisitely thrilled, yet fighting for self-mastery. She must not let him see, let him even dream——

"Good Lord!" gasped Fitz as she tried to meet his eye and failed. "You—you don't mean that—that——"

The futility of words came home to him then. And it was not her shoes that he kissed after all or, for that matter, her lips, the first time, for with all his experience he proved now as inexpert as a schoolboy.

"I'm not worthy," he assured her presently, "but I'll try to make myself so——"

They sprang apart just in time. The junior medical came in.

"Hello," he began cordially—and then he saw Fitz.

From Fitz his eye went to the head, who was very flushed and, he believed, very angry. So he promptly glared at Fitz. But Fitz had eyes only for the head. Her eyes met his.

"Please go," they said, but in the brief glance there was much more, enough to give him all the symptoms he knew and many he had never dreamed of.

"Has he been bothering you again?" demanded the junior medical ferociously as soon as Fitz was gone.

The head busied herself at her desk.

"N-no," said she, softly. "Not—exactly!"

THE END

Woodrow Wilson as Governor of New Jersey. Those in the flag-draped box with him are Princeton students and alumni.

WOODROW WILSON

A Character Study and Appraisal of the Man of Peace on Whom Fate Threw the Mantle of a War President

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, Kansas newspaper editor and novelist, is a picturesque figure in American life. By his books, his powerful editorials, and his recent spectacular drive against the Klan, as an independent Republican, in the Kansas gubernatorial contest, he has set the nation talking.

And now, marshaling his gifts as a writer, character analyst, and student of world events, he has undertaken to make us understand Woodrow Wilson as no writer has done before. It is his aim to demolish the Sunday School Wilson, the marble statue Wilson, and set up a real flesh-and-blood man. This is the first of two articles by Mr. White.

PART I.

WOODROW WILSON, twenty-eighth President of the United States, had in his veins no blood of our Revolutionary stock. His grandparents left Ireland and Scotland nearly half a century after the Americans had declared their independence.

His father's father, James Wilson, an Irish emigrant from Londonderry, Ireland, married a Presbyterian Irish girl, a shipmate, the day after their American landing, and their child, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, the father of the President, born in 1822, grew up to be a Presbyterian college professor and preacher, who married Janet Woodrow, a Scotch girl.

Janet Woodrow, mother of President Wilson, was the daughter and granddaughter, on both sides of her family, of Presbyterian college professors and preachers. It matters little that the Wilson blood was new to the American wilderness of a century ago: spiritually Woodrow Wilson was the inheritor of the race that opened the Bible and demanded freedom for the conscience of man.

Joseph Ruggles Wilson, father of the President, was tall and handsome. He showed his Irish blood by a certain dashing cut of his jib.

He was graduated from Jefferson College in 1844, next went to the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, and then on to Princeton. He came home licensed to preach, but not ordained, and, waiting for a pulpit, taught two years in the "Male Academy" of Steubenville, which also supported a "Female Academy."

To this academy came Janet Woodrow, a pretty Scotch girl with curls and a sweet and engaging smile, who first saw through a paling fence the meticulous young theologue, home from college, raking the parental yard *in gloves*. The gloves caught her eye. Whereat she smiled over the paling fence.

Three years later, after her graduation, Joseph R. Wilson, Presbyterian minister of Chillicothe, Ohio, and Janet Woodrow, were married.

Thus, President Wilson's father was a Presbyterian preacher, his maternal grandfather and two of his great-grandfathers were Presbyterian preachers, and in his youth Woodrow Wilson himself married a Presbyterian minister's daughter.

If ever a man was called and elected, foreordained and predestined to Presbyterianism, that man was Woodrow Wilson.

THE Wilsons went to Staunton, Virginia, in 1855, where the husband had his first pastorate. Preaching, not teaching, was his forte. He adorned the pulpit well—a tall young man with a flashing eye, with a deep, resonant bass voice, and with a fine shocky head of hair.

He entered Staunton as a prince into his realm. There he was an aristocrat by the divine right of his cloth and the royal grant of his Irish blood.

It was three days after Christmas—December, 1856—that Janet Woodrow Wilson tied up her pretty curls and went down into the shadow and brought back a son whom they named Thomas Woodrow Wilson, for her father.

Much more than the Woodrow name went into that child. In his heart, where his will lay, he was a Woodrow all his life.

The Woodrows, children and grandchildren of Scotch Presbyterian scholars and ministers, lived in the world of the spirit. From them came "the things of the mind" which so greatly interested our twenty-eighth President.

In 1858, when the baby Thomas Woodrow was two years old, the Wilson family moved to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 19]

Augusta, Georgia, where the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson had a call to preach in the First Presbyterian Church.

"Tommy" was a frail child, and was not sent to school or even taught his letters at home until he was nine. More than that, he was put into spectacles, which limited his gang life, which teaches boys so many vital things that men must know.

Doctor Wilson spent his life's passion on the boy. It was a bookish home in which this great love was founded between the father and son. There was much reading aloud of good literature.

The Manse at Staunton, Va., birthplace of Woodrow Wilson.

None of his boy friends remember Tommy Wilson in a fight. He never gave a boy a licking, and alas! for the history of mankind after 1919, he never had to take one and giggle out of it to the boy world around him, an experience that makes men gently tolerant as well as brave and wise. If only there could have been in his life some shanty Irish critic with a penchant for assault and battery, some low minded friend to fasten upon him the nickname "four eyes," calling brutal attention to his spectacles, what a world we should have today!

THE South was the only civilization Tommy Wilson knew. Up North, where he went in his late teens, he became Woodrow of his own motion. But Tommy Wilson, leaving his boyhood in Augusta when he was just turning fourteen, went to Columbia, South Carolina, late in 1870.

Columbia knew more of the war than Augusta. Sherman, going to the sea, had, curiously, let Augusta go unburned. But when Tommy Wilson went to Columbia he saw a mile of its business district, three blocks wide, standing in black ruins, the work of Sherman's men. Naturally, hearts were bitter there, and the ruin of the town's business section was but a detail of the damage that the war had done.

He saw all the wickedness that follows a vindictive peace, and this picture came to him in Columbia, not as a child, not as a part of the natural order; it burst upon him tragically, suddenly, in his early youth, and made a mark upon his soul. There were no war heroes in his family. His father's brothers fought with the North. His father was a chaplain. His Uncle James Woodrow was in the chemical division of the Confederate service. And so, because Tommy Wilson's kinsmen were not fighting men, war became to Woodrow the man not a glorious adventure but a cruel, barbarous business that always preceded a wicked peace.

Tommy Wilson, at eighteen, went to Princeton, the college where his father, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, took his post-graduate work in theology. A slow bloomer was this tall, fair-haired youth, with a serious mind and a sparkling sense of humor, who unfolded slowly because he had so much to reveal.

To mathematics and the sciences he gave a lick and a promise, and devoted his time, with something like passionate interest, to history and the study of government. As a collegian he barely squeaked into the honor roll—the

The future war President as a young man. Middle row, left to right: Woodrow Wilson; his sister, Mrs. Howe; his father, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson; Mrs. Joseph R. Wilson Jr. and her husband (in uniform). Bottom row: Dr. Howe and his four children, and, above, two servants. Underwood & Underwood Photo.

first forty-two in a class of one hundred and twenty-six—by being the forty-first to get honors. Which proves that he was no "grind" or "dig" or textbook addict. The thing that he desired to do most of all was to talk. He was a famous debater. Wrangling was his meat and drink. And, next, he liked to write—the Scotch-Irish of it!

Princeton remembers Tommy Wilson, the student, as a charming young fellow. He sang in the Glee Club, romped in the Athletic Association, pranked with the other barbarians, was editor of the college weekly newspaper, and through it all made loving friends. If he had charm, he also met the affection that it bred in others.

Robert Bridges, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, declares that Wilson the student was an engaging youth "forever playing at the game of being friends—peculiarly adapted to college life." How he must have basked in the warmth and joy of it—he who had held himself restrained through the glowing, growing years of his soul's first great emotional expansion!

ALL his life the class of '79 was near and dear to him. Six years after graduation he declared to Robert Bridges: "I believe I love the fellows of that crowd and value the genuine friendships existing amongst us more than I ever did before. I often long for the renewal of old comradeships more than I can tell you. The old love never dies down for a moment, but I can't keep myself from an occasional heartsickness now and again, because of the dispersion of the old crowd and the necessity which keeps us apart."

Some account of the birth of Woodrow, successor to Tommy Wilson, may be interesting. We have two accounts, differing, but not necessarily in conflict. Tradition in Columbia, South Carolina, declares that he changed his name from Tommy to Woodrow because "Tommy" lacked dignity. "For," said he, "It's Tommy the turkey and Tommy the cat and Tommy the gardener. So I dropped it."

But to his friend, Robert Bridges, Woodrow Wilson declared: "I find I need a trade-mark in advertising my literary wares. Thomas W. Wilson lacks something. Woodrow Wilson sticks in the mind. So I have decided publicly to be Woodrow Wilson."

From Princeton, Tommy Wilson went to the University of Virginia, to study law. His familiar Scotch devil would not let him be happy out of books, but his good Irish angel saw to it that they were law books.

But even as a full fledged lawyer in an Atlanta law office, he began writing a book—to wit, "Congressional Government in the United States," which afterward was a remunerative textbook and became the thesis upon which he got his doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins.

The Axson and Wilson families were upon visiting terms in Augusta. And it is family tradition that, in the heyday of his youth—say at eight or ten years—young Tommy was fond of the Axson baby, who was several years younger than he, and often asked to hold Ellen Lou when the Axson family came to visit.

Probably this is a big sister legend, as any self-respecting boy would be ashamed of it and consciously forget it.

But let Wilson's brother-in-law and friend take up the story. Stockton Axson, in an arti-

cle which appeared in the New York *Times,* wrote:

"It was in 1883 that Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson became engaged. She was visiting friends in the North Carolina mountains when my father fell seriously ill. He had me summon her home by telegram—my mother had died two years before, and my sister was the responsible member of the family. She went to Asheville to catch a train, but, as she had to wait several hours for it, she went to a hotel and whiled away the time reading by a window.

"As fate would have it, Woodrow Wilson, who was driving in the mountains, passed the hotel, chanced to look up, and saw her profile at the window. The two had been together in Rome the previous summer and it needed just the unexpected encounter in the North Carolina mountains to show them what life meant for each and for both of them."

A portrait study of Woodrow Wilson's father, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson. Woodrow Wilson's maternal grandfather, two of his great-grandfathers, and his father were Presbyterian ministers, and he himself married the daughter of a Presbyterian minister.
Underwood & Underwood Photo.

The eager student. This is a view of Wilson when he was 28 and attending Princeton as an undergraduate. He was known then as "Tommy" Wilson. Note the remarkable facial resemblance between the future President and his father.
Photo copyright by Keystone View Co.

THIS love affair was destined to be the greatest episode that ever came into the life of Woodrow Wilson. From it came twenty-nine years of happiness, three splendid daughters, and the cheerful, wholesome, domestic background of a useful life.

The engagement lasted two years. The young man quit the law and went to Johns Hopkins to get his doctor's degree; the young woman went to New York to study painting. They met often and were happy.

Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson, his bride, came to Bryn Mawr, a college for women, a few miles out of Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1885.

A classroom of drooping, yawning girls—these were not for the son of his father. Never could he be a squire of dames. So he left Bryn Mawr and went to Wesleyan University, in Connecticut.

There were men and *there* was a man's job!

Ellen Axson was a young wife then, barely out of her honeymoon, carrying her first child. She was destined to live with her husband nearly thirty years, knitting into his life deeply and closely until, as is inevitable in unions where there is close comradeship, their lives became a sort of joint ownership of character, aspiration, and happiness. And while she lived and they loved and together strove for their hearts' desire in the way of worldly or spiritual things, it was one career, one common complex character that they welded out of life and circumstance. Woodrow Wilson was that kind of a married man. This must be set down early and never be forgotten in this story.

No intelligent consideration of the life of Wilson can omit the influence of Ellen Axson.

Of course, she was Southern, and had that exterior languor and softness which seemed, at the time, to be the necessary crust of a well-bred Southern lady. The word "woman" was not used politely in her girlhood days. And always Ellen Axson was a lady. Beautiful she was, with an exquisite sweetness which belied a rather stern and somber soul beneath her gentle manners. She was the exact complement of her husband: serious where he was gay; questioning where he was sure; patient where he often was brusque.

She kept her interest in painting while the babies came and the family duties widened. Beauty always enthralled her. But it didn't entice her to gayety. The blitheness, the eternal fun making of her husband never aroused in her a frivolous mood. But she was wise. She surrounded him with those who would feed her husband's hunger for gayety.

So always in the Wilson home she kept young life; her brothers, at times his father—who was Ariel grown gray—and young cousins of various degrees. With these about him in his home Woodrow Wilson frisked into a middle aged fawn, still cutting the gay capers of youth. But when he needed counsel, when the iron prods of life lost their velvet paddings. he turned to Ellen Axson for help, for strength, for wisdom.

Now let us look at Wilson as a young teacher. The Wilsons lived in a white frame house on High Street—a street which Charles Dickens, visiting Middletown, called "the most beautiful avenue in America." When Woodrow was not teaching he was writing his History of the American People. But, in classroom, he was a most engaging young person.

It was that fine, free way with him that made him a favorite in the college. When he had been walking the floor with the baby, the night before, he said so, and asked his classes to bear with him. He cracked jokes and got on fraternal terms with everyone. His family idolized him. His books brought him money, along with his fame. He went out lecturing, and audiences applauded and paid well.

Ten years after he left Princeton as a senior he came back there as a teacher—professor of jurisprudence, teaching political science. It was a triumph, a triumph of virtue. For we must never forget what kind of a boy, youth, and man Woodrow Wilson was—a "mischievous bundle of nerves," but good; "a perfect and an upright man"—barring a bad temper.

ALL his life Woodrow Wilson's major delusion was that he had a first class mind. What he had was a clear, clean, strong brain that was inadequately supported by a frail body. He wrote well. But he was not in the world's first or second class of thinkers or writers.

Head of his alma mater and famous as an educator. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University in cap and gown.

Woodrow Wilson became president of Princeton University in 1902. His administration there opened in a blaze of virtue. It was decided that too many young men were coming to Princeton who considered it little more than a Junior League Club. "I'll not be president of a country club," quoth the new president. So academic requirements were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New Charm

New Beauty

Liquid MAYBELLINE

Apply a little with the brush. See how *naturally* long, dark and luxuriant your lashes and eyebrows will appear. There is new charm and new beauty for you—all in one dainty bottle of wonderful new Liquid Maybelline. A real joy awaits you.

Liquid Form

Waterproof, Tearproof and absolutely harmless. Liquid Maybelline is the result of six years' experiment. It is every bit as good as solid Maybelline—and is just the thing to take and keep with you always. So handy, you know.

Solid Form

Solid form Maybelline has given such satisfaction for years to millions of women everywhere—you can now enjoy Maybelline in either Liquid or Solid Form.

Black or brown. On sale at all leading Drug and Department Stores and Beauty Parlors.

SOLID MAYBELLINE, in box.....75c
LIQUID MAYBELLINE, in bottle...75c

If your dealer is out, we will forward, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

MAYBELLINE COMPANY
4750-10 Sheridan Rd. CHICAGO

Genuine

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache	Colds	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

raised and stiffened, and a hundred and more of the thirteen hundred students were sent home for failure in their studies.

Naturally, many of the hundred would come from homes where the superiority of mere wealth as a means of social salvation was most blatantly emphasized. So trouble camped at the front gates of Princeton, and President Wilson went out to meet it. He conquered it without compromise, amid resounding plaudits of the world inside and outside the college gates. The whole episode was entirely to President Wilson's credit. Princeton was better for his victory. Yet the fathers bided their time.

After winning his fight for higher standards of scholarship in Princeton, the new president began to oppose the forces which seemed to make higher scholastic standards difficult. He felt that the first engagement should be with the aristocratic collegiate societies—the Princeton expression of the common college fraternity that infests American institutions of higher learning.

A fine row began. The sporting alumni and their "kid brothers" in college began hooting raucously at Wilson:

"What—has an American no right to choose his associates! Must a gentleman eat with a mucker?"

IT was in his personal relations that Wilson finally came to grief in Princeton. This grievous journey began over a difference between him and Dean Andrew F. West of the graduate school. Dean West was sent by the trustees to Europe to study graduate schools there, and to report to the president of the university and the trustees a plan for the organization and advancement of the graduate school at Princeton. A beautiful brochure was made of the report, printed expensively, as a piece of salesmanship. Dean West set out to sell his dream to rich givers.

The graduate school, typically, in the American university is a paper organization inside the college, under the control of the president of the college or university and little more than a department of the college. Dean West's idea seems to have been that the graduate school should grow more independently of the college than the American type of graduate school, and should live in its own atmosphere.

Now the word "row" is not a nice word for a difference in a university faculty over a purely academic proposition, but row it was—good and hot and vicious on both sides. The president went out, appealing to donors to help the college. Dean West went out with his beautifully printed brochure soliciting funds for the graduate school. Always there seemed to be lurking in Wilson's consciousness the fear that Dean West would get money enough to set up a separate school in a certain competitive relation to the university—perhaps overshadowing it!

Discord begot hate, and many a night, in those years from '95 to '99, Woodrow Wilson trudged home to Ellen Axson, his wife, broken, battered, and weary. It was in 1907 that she packed him up and sent him on a journey to Bermuda after a particularly hard campaign.

IN Bermuda he sat around for a few weary days upon the veranda of the great hotel, reading a little, resting much; an outsider looking in upon the gay life of an insular British society, detached from London, but reflecting the sophistication of London.

It was bright, happy, a bit irresponsible, certainly a different type of association of human beings from any that Woodrow Wilson had ever seen. To him the female of the species was the faculty woman, earnest, eager, sometimes baffled, but always gentle and wise. There, on the veranda of the big hotel, he saw another kind of ladybug: many brilliant-hued, bright-faced, carefree ladybugs.

They took him in, these social Samaritans, and they bound up his wounds and made him very comfy indeed. Of course, he was a somebody—the president of Princeton. At the end of a few days he was walking, talking, expanding his soul, and expounding his philosophy to one Samaritan in particular. The lady's name was Mrs. Mary Hulbert Peck, the wife of Thomas B. Peck of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a wealthy American business man.

Now, Mrs. Mary Hulbert Peck appears in this narrative for two reasons; first, because for seven years she afforded Woodrow Wilson one of many outlets for the play of his mind. And, second, she appears because, by some utterly inexplainable, cruel chance, her name was linked with Woodrow Wilson's in baseless slanders whispered about during two presidential campaigns; slanders as foul and unfounded as were ever peddled about in any campaign. To ignore such a wicked injustice to a man is no part of a biographer's duty, unless the biographer wishes to countenance slanders by ignoring them.

During the seven years in which Mrs. Peck and the Wilsons were friends many letters and other evidences of cordial regard passed between them. It was Mrs. Peck's habit, when a letter came to her in the official envelope of the president of Princeton, or with the seal of the Governor of New Jersey, or with the plain blue seal of the

White House on the envelope, to open it immediately and read it to whatever friends might be near her when it came. They reveal a man orienting himself by expressing himself. Some day, of course, they will be printed.

This biographer of Woodrow Wilson feels very keenly that the friendship of these two people, Woodrow Wilson and Mary Peck, was of so fine and noble a quality that no future commentator on those letters should be able to twist, by innuendo, that friendship into anything less lovely than it was.

She had been married, before she met Mr. Peck, to the father of her child, whose name was Allen Hulbert. A gracious and bewitching creature was Mary Hulbert Peck, with a light and lovely sympathy in her voice, with noble eyes that looked, not too seriously, out of an understanding heart, and lips that smiled easily and never spoke malice or even harbored ungenerous thoughts. And very soon after President Wilson's return to Princeton the Wilsons visited her and she visited the Wilsons at their summer home in Connecticut.

Once or twice again she and Woodrow Wilson met in Bermuda. It was there, on those sands, on a bright day of 1909, that he first told her of a definite proposal that had come to him to get into politics.

IN a letter recalling the time and place Mrs. Peck writes:

> There comes, through a frame of rose, of oleander, and gray-green cedar, a picture of shore and sea and reef never to be forgotten. It was there, children playing in the sand, the world strolling by, that we began a talk, so serious, so solemn, that every word is stamped indelibly on my memory. He began thus:
>
> "My friends tell me that if I will enter the contest and can be nominated and elected as Governor of New Jersey I stand a very good chance of being the next President of the United States. Shall I, or shall I not, accept the opportunity they offer?"
>
> After a moment, trying to realize the deep significance of this talk, I replied:
>
> "Why not? Statesmanship has always been your natural bent, your real ambition, all your life."
>
> "Of course, you know I am not a rich man, and, while for myself money means little, I have my dear ones to consider. As president of Princeton I have a dignified home, their proper background, and enough to give them some of the ease and luxury they deserve. Would it be just to them?"
>
> I said: "If I know anything of your wife and daughters, they would rather scrub to earn their bread than to have you do less than your best work in life; your full duty."
>
> He continued: "And then those fine fellows at Princeton, who have stood by me during all this bitter, heart-breaking affair of the college—wouldn't I be deserting them?"
>
> I told him, what seemed to me to be the truth, as seen by an outsider, that his work there was really done. After this, it would be only a grim fight to hold the line—no real advance. I added:
>
> "If your ideas and ideals are right ones, they will endure. You have made them clear to all."
>
> Then he said: "The life of the next Democratic President would be hell—and it would probably kill me."
>
> "Ah! But you would rather die in harness, fighting for all the great things for which you stand, than live less than up to the best you know!"

THERE these two stood, in one of the high moments of life, amid the charm of an exotic civilization, surrounded by scores of their fellows, little realizing that a momentous decision for myriads of men was forming in the heart of that long-jawed, bright-eyed, forthright, middle-aged Irishman. It is no wonder that Mary Peck could not forget it.

The first great political goal achieved! Governor Wilson of New Jersey, young, vigorous, good looking, on the steps of his summer home at Seagirt.

Paul Thompson Photo.

Eventually, Wilson won his fight at Princeton by the courage of his faith. The alumni sustained him and the purpose of the trustees.

Then, to this Job, came a messenger who brought bad tidings.

It was late twilight when David Lawrence, a student correspondent of the New York *Times*, tapped at Wilson's study door in Prospect. He handed Doctor Wilson a telegram from the *Times*. It read:

> Isaac C. Wyman of Salem, Massachusetts, died, leaving an estate valued at over ten million dollars to the Graduate School at Princeton, naming his attorney, John H. Raymond, and Dean Andrew F. West executors. Ask President Wilson for statement to use in connection with the announcement in tomorrow's paper.

Doctor Wilson held the telegram under the electric bulb, and re-read the words. He put his hand on the table, with the telegram between his fingers and grew rigid, then paled.

"Dave," he said, "this means defeat. We never can overcome ten millions." He picked up the paper, handed it back, tried to smile, and said: "Nothing tonight, Dave—you'll understand." The fight was over—lost.

To all intents and purposes that was the last day of his service at Princeton. He remained on three months longer, drawing his salary as president, but his heart was not in the work. That period of his life was closed.

The talk of Wilson for Governor of New Jersey began early in the year. George Harvey was its mouthpiece. There is a suspicion in Princeton that the wealthy opponents of Wilson fostered the Wilson gubernatorial boom. They certainly were glad to be quit of him in Princeton—these trustees of the opposition.

Colonel George Harvey frankly asked Mr. Wilson if he would accept the nomination. He indicated that he would be glad to consider it.

THERE can be no doubt that Wilson went into the gubernatorial campaign in 1910 with a light heart. He stood before his audiences with a certain grace of youth in his figure, spoke easily—more like a teacher than a politician. He was at his very best in that campaign.

The Progressive Democrats set about to see that he had a proper private secretary. It was a lively Irish intrigue which landed Joseph P. Tumulty as the Governor's private secretary.

At this period of Wilson's career we begin to pick up the threads of a dramatic story. Men knew, even then in 1911, when he was making his fight for the regeneration of New Jersey, that he was an odd fish, but powerful. All over the United States his name became a symbol of the progressive cause in the Democratic party.

When Wilson met Colonel House it was a case of love at first sight. The two men became cronies in an hour. It was one of those sudden, deep friendships with which Wilson, who had always been a lonely man, often restored his soul.

The campaign which followed Governor Wilson's nomination as the Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1912 was a bitter yet profitable campaign. Whispering slanderers connected his name with the fact that Mrs. Mary H. Peck had secured a divorce—lying appeals to the moron mind which loves to create myths. The two campaigns of 1912 and 1916 developed what may be called the "Peck myth." But, at the end of that campaign, Wilson's electoral college majority was overwhelming.

He went to the top of the teaching profession when he was chosen president of one of the most important American universities. By championing democracy in education, he acquired enough fame to take him into politics. And in two moves on the political board he is in the king row—President-elect of the United States of America. What a career!

The second installment of this penetrating two-part study, out in next week's issue, deals with the second phase of a great leader: the international phase. It is a dramatic mingling of triumph and tragedy: Wilson, ruler of the world, and Wilson broken, bitter, and dying. It will hold you and move you.

$500 a Week for Limericks!

Step lively, folks! But don't crowd! There's plenty of room on Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express! The next stop's Doughville, folks! An' we're goin' t' run like a scared jack rabbit!

This Contest Is Open to Everyone---Everywhere

MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN!

IF YOU don't get some of the $500 which Liberty is paying every week, it's your own fault. All you have to do is to fill in the last line of the Limerick which appears on this page. A Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with *the first two.* Anybody can write them. It's easy and it's fascinating. Note the date when this week's contest closes, and send in your last line at once! You may win any of the following big awards:

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$250
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	75
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTH PRIZE	25

Complete the Limerick in Coupon Below

All Last Lines for THIS Limerick Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, November 22

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

As a housewife was baking some pies
She dreamed of her hubby's surprise,
When he came home at night
And took a large bite,

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY .....STATE.....

(Issue of November 15)

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of Oct. 18. The Limerick read as follows:

A hobo sat perched on the rail,
The farmer went by with a pail;
A scuffle ensued
For the hobo was rude,
. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

AND BOTH FOUGHT LIKE THIS TOOTH AND NAIL

Written by
Frederick Toulson, 215 E. Main St., Stratford, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Enter dog—exit tramp—finis tale.

Written by
Beatrice F. McLarney, Care The New York & Porto Rico S. S. Co., Pier 35, Atlantic Basin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

Now he's ninety days late on the trail.

Written by
C. A. Luttrell, Box 125, Anaconda, Montana

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

The sheriff now opens his mail.

Written by
Tosie K. Lukens, 247 Madison St., Wauseon, Ohio

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Now he's happy, he'll winter in jail.

Written by
H. G. Alcox, 841 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

FACES ONE DOESN'T FORGET

"ALMA RUBENS," said a prominent feminine screen star, "is getting lovelier every day." And when one star says that about another—but judge for yourself. Her latest role is *Hermione* in Gerald Cranton's Lady.

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe.

WHY THE INTRIGUING SMILE on Betty Blythe's face? Truly a unique pose from a gallery of striking pictures of this famous screen vampire. What do you suppose she's thinking of? Abe and Mawruss? When last seen she was vamping in Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood.

Photo Nickolas Muray.

"THEY GIVE ME VAMP PARTS to play, and I like it," says stunning Evelyn Brent. She has no desire to be an ingenue. Black haired, dark eyed, nature and the Fox directors have cast her as a screen lure.

Eddie Phillips shows Viola Dana a bit of high life on Broadway.

The BEAUTY PRIZE

A Movie Review by ALVA TAYLOR

THE BEAUTY PRIZE is one of those light and harmless pictures which are the tired business man's delight and a boon to fond parents who wish their offspring to taste of the joys of attending the movies without impairing their morals. There is nothing in The Beauty Prize, which was directed by Lloyd Ingraham and produced by Metro-Goldwyn, to cause the board of censors any alarm. Yet the afore-mentioned weary man of business will find it not without entertainment.

It is the kind of breezy picture in which the subtitles sound like the entries in a slang contest. The whiskers and meow of the domestic cat come in for a goodly share of publicity, along with many other expressive, if not entirely elegant, bits of colloquial language.

A picture like this, sheerly entertaining, without pretense, which one can look at and then forget, comes as a relief after the heavy diet of elaborate and impressive feature pictures with which we have been fed of late. Such a picture asks nothing of us except our not too concentrated attention. We, in return, ask nothing of it except that it help us to lay aside the worries of today and tomorrow. One does not pick it to pieces, discuss the plausibility of plot, question the value of the characterizations, worry too much about the direction and the photography. One puts upon it only the test of amusement.

We found The Beauty Prize diverting, in large measure, we suspect, because of Viola Dana. We like this clever little actress best when she is not too serious. This in spite of the fact that she has been doing fine work these days in more dramatic lines. But there are so few who can be cute in the way Viola is.

In The Beauty Prize, a story by Nina Wilcox Putnam, based on a beauty contest, Viola is Connie du Bois, a manicurist who files nails in New York. Out in Connecticut live her crippled father, mother, and an unromantic sweetheart, George Brady (Pat O'Malley). George installs radios and considers dinner for two at the automat extravagance enough while saving money toward a matrimonial venture. But Connie thinks she prefers white linen table cloths, soft lights, music with her dinner, and enticing entrées.

One of Connie's customers in the beauty shop is a rich old woman who is looking for a caretaker for her Fifth Avenue mansion while she goes to Europe. Connie gets her mother installed, but in a day or so mother is lonesome for Connecticut, and departs, leaving Connie in charge.

A young man of the type known nowadays as sheik, whose mission in life is selling phonograph records and wearing snappy clothes, persuades Connie to enter a beauty contest. He has in mind a half interest in the two thousand dollar prize to be awarded to Miss America. Connie writes her letter of entry on a piece of engraved stationery from the Fifth Avenue house and gives the address of Mrs. Winthrop, in whose mansion she is living, as her own. The newspaper conducting the contest puts together what it thinks is two and two and decides Connie is no less than Mrs. Winthrop's niece. She wins the title of Miss New York.

The home-town sweetheart, unused to the revealing ways of the modern bathing girl, considers the bathing suit supplied for Connie a shocking bit of clothing. If she wears it, everything is over between them. She wears it.

But, this being a happy program picture, you know that Connie has not lost him forever. Later on she realizes that pork and beans are not to be scorned and that George is, after all, an honest man. He turns up at the end of the picture. The radio brings them together.

Meanwhile Connie has won the honors at Atlantic City and been crowned Miss America. At this point a little more realism would have been appreciated. Miss Dana is pretty enough to stand up with more beauty than was represented by the young women in the picture. As it was, the judges need not have opened more than one eye, and that but half way, to see that Viola was the queen of them all.

NEXT WEEK: *Greater Than Marriage*

"Yes, RIPOLIN is for every room in the house"

"WHEREVER there's a use for paint or enamel, in any room in the house, I've always found Ripolin the most satisfactory finish I could get. I even use it on the exterior. You can't beat its rich, soft tone, and wear!—why, ten years from now this stairway will look as though it had just been painted."

For more than a generation, Ripolin—the original Holland Enamel Paint—has been the favorite enamel of master painters the world over. Hundreds of famous architects specify it for every painted surface inside and out—wood, metal, plaster and stone. It has been used in many of the best-known buildings in this country and abroad, yet because of its covering quality and unusual durability, it is the most economical enamel you can buy.

There is a dealer near you who has this famous enamel and can advise you about its use. If you don't know where to find him, write for his name and address, and an interesting color folder showing samples of Ripolin in seven beautiful tints.

Marketed Exclusively by the Following Licensed Distributors:

The Glidden Company
Cleveland

Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company
Chicago

Adams & Elting Company
Chicago

Campbell Paint & Varnish Company
St. Louis

T. L. Blood & Company
St. Paul

The American Paint Works
New Orleans

Twin City Varnish Company
St. Paul

The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.
Cleveland

The A. Wilhelm Company
Reading

Nubian Paint & Varnish Company
Chicago

In Canada:
The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

RIPOLIN

RIPOLIN

THE ORIGINAL HOLLAND ENAMEL PAINT

It's more than a paint ~ It's more than an enamel

Valuable Hint For Housewives

DO you know that you can make an excellent Polish Mop out of an ordinary mop and a little 3-in-One? It's easy to do and costs very little.

Just cut off the strands of any mop about eight inches from the handle and moisten slightly with

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

Allow a short time for the oil to permeate the strands thoroughly before using.

With this home-made, economical Polish Mop, it's so easy to clean hard-to-reach corners, under beds, behind radiators. Out comes the dust and lint, clinging to the mop as if to a magnet.

Shake off the dirt out-doors and your Mop is ready to go after another load. Floors and oilcloth always shine after a visit of your 3-in-One Polish Mop. Cleans and polishes simultaneously.

3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloths are just as easy to make as the Polish Mops, and they pick up dust just as well. Use any kind of soft cloth, permeated with 3-in-One.

This great oil compound has 79 uses in the home alone—lubricating all light mechanisms—cleaning and polishing woodwork and metal—preventing rust and tarnish. All these uses, and many others, are illustrated and explained in a Dictionary of Uses which is wrapped around every bottle and sent with every sample.

FREE—Generous sample and De Luxe edition of Dictionary. Request both on a postal or use the coupon below.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red One on the label.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
134 CP. William Street New York, N. Y.
Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

Three-In-One Oil Co.
134 CP. William St., New York, N. Y.
Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses to

Name _____

Street address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

G 58

The FLYING VIKING

By C. M. LINCOLN

How Erik Nelson, a Runaway Swedish Boy, Winged His Way to Immortal Fame and Was Showered with Honors in His Adopted Land

LIEUT. ERIK NELSON

At the left, the New Orleans parked at Croydon, England.

SOME years ago a boy of sixteen ran away to sea from a good home in Stockholm, Sweden. The other day this boy, a young American now, stood before President Coolidge with his fellow United States army aviators, after having flown around the world.

A few days before, there had been Boston. They gave him there, among other things, an American flag. He took it into his arms and kissed it. Perhaps the flag meant just a little more to him than the flags did to Lieutenants Smith, Wade, Arnold, Harding, and Ogden, for it had been their flag since their birth.

There was no good reason why he should have run away to sea, but the love of adventure and the call of the sea "got" him as they have got the men of his race for centuries. The blood of the old Vikings ran strong in Erik Nelson's veins, and it would not be denied.

The planes flew on to Mineola, and the aviators came down to the cheering thousands to receive the official tribute of New York. Perhaps as Erik Nelson stood still, with his companions, listening to the praise bestowed upon them all by a United States Senator, his mind took him back to far away Australia for a moment, to another occasion when he was obliged to stand still, then a boy of seventeen, and receive a medal for heroically rescuing a man at sea. He went over the side to get him.

Those enthusiastic Australians held a dinner in his honor that night. I say they held the dinner. Nelson wasn't there. Standing for that medal and under the honeyed phrases of the laudatory speeches was too much for the abashed Swede. When backs were turned he slipped out of the hall.

A little after the ovation at Mineola someone asked Lieutenant Smith, commander of the flight, if the planes' engines were in good shape.

"Ask Nelson," replied Smith. "He's the boss of the engines."

And there is probably no aviator flying under any flag in the world today who is so thoroughly the master of his motor and of all that goes into his plane as Erik Nelson.

PROBABLY no aviator of any nationality had better technical equipment for a world flight. He learned navigation before he was seventeen—ran away to sea at sixteen, as I have said. And he learned it thoroughly.

It may not be going too far to say that this knowledge of navigation saved the American argosy. The worst stretch of the voyage around the world was that which included the fogs of the Iceland sector.

Nelson's wisdom in navigation came to his and his fellow flyers' rescue then. He knew the fog above the sea as he knew it on the water, and he it was who decided the altitudes and lanes to take and the courses to steer in that moist wall. His reckonings were true.

When Nelson first stepped on a dock at New York he had nothing but his ditty bag and a large, man-sized stock of determination. He is now thirty-six, but he has lost nothing of that original stock with which he came ashore. His whole life since that time has been marked by work, pertinacity, and concentration.

The love of speed was strong in him. Engines fascinated him. After his arrival he early made his way into a machine shop, and, once in it, he made his way in it. When a boy of twenty-one or thereabouts he drove a motor car from New York to San Francisco.

Following this Nelson drove motor cars in and around New York City, and there are those who can testify to his skill at the wheel. For a while he thought of becoming a professional racing car driver. Ralph de Palma's exploits disturbed him greatly.

But this was only a passing, boyish phase. He was fundamentally a student. Always in his car was a book or magazine of motors, of flying, or of adventure.

NELSON is not in the slightest degree impressed by his flight around the world. He is not the type that takes personal victories seriously. I have heard it said and read it written that there is reason to feel sorry for these airmen who circumnavigated the globe.

"Why, what thrill is left for them?" the editors and their readers say. "What will give them a kick after such an experience? And what is life without thrills? Yes, there is reason to feel sorry for these young men."

As far as Nelson, at least, is concerned that is sheer rot. A more naïve lad never breathed. Why, it is quite likely that the first thing he'll do after all this tumult and shouting dies is to get a good seat in some nice little movie theater and squirm with delight over the adventures of a celluloid devil who will never by accident or intent approximate the daring of Nelson.

I can see him grinning during the most devilish moments of his flight around the world. That grin is Nelson. Let the wings of death

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Tell him now — or scold him later?

Many a wife makes a joke of her husband's approaching baldness. Later she scolds him. It's no joke to either party when his hair has gone for good.

Husbands need advice on the proper care of hair. Perhaps, *your own husband* should be told that dandruff starves his scalp—robs the hair-roots. And the result will be baldness unless he takes care.

Tell *your husband*, that Wildroot Hair Tonic will actually free his scalp from dandruff. Tell him that women use Wildroot to keep their scalps healthy and their hair beautiful. *And women know*—because falling hair is a serious matter with them.

Better still—get some Wildroot Hair Tonic for your husband to use before his hair starts to go. Place the bottle on his bureau—beside his hair brush.

Your neighborhood druggist has Wildroot.

WILDROOT CO., INC., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

brush his face and that quiet, diffident smile is there. Let disaster impend and Nelson's face is wrinkled in careless mirth. Had he fallen into the sea with help out of the question that wistful smile would have been there.

He is neither emotional nor the true stoic. As I know him, it is difficult to believe that he has the ordinary appreciation of danger. That failure is possible does not seem to appeal to him. He doesn't fail because he refuses to recognize failure. A persistent, plugging, quiet optimist—an incurable optimist—that's Erik Nelson.

He would have been indeed extraordinary had he not expected an ovation when he arrived in America, but he was somewhat mystified, at that, by the fact that we should think the flight wonderful. To him it was merely a matter of good planes, good engines, good mechanicians, good navigation. He and his fellow airmen were prepared. They got away with it. And that is what he, Nelson, expected to do. So why all the fuss?

After his dream of auto racing Nelson moved along, as he always has, and left the wheel of his motor car to enter the works of the Curtiss airplane manufactory at Buffalo, New York. Here he put in two years as an engineer, working by day, studying at night.

He managed to sandwich in a lot of fun as well, for, although he was far more serious and much more in earnest than are most young men, he had abundant capacity for having a good time. But work was the rule by which he measured his life.

HE had early made his application for American citizenship, and when the United States began to prepare to enter the war he resigned his position at the Curtiss plant and went to New York City, blindly, "to become a United States aviator." He had already tried, without success, to enlist in the Royal Air Force of Canada. The British wanted youngsters. They thought Nelson too old. He was then a long way from thirty.

Now getting into the aviation service in those rushing, hectic days was anything but an easy and simple matter. There were thousands of keen, eager young Americans who clamored for admission into the service, worthy and well equipped in the matters of education and physique.

Erik Nelson was under handicaps, but he persisted and by his own efforts secured admission to the aviation school at Cornell University. With no schooling since he was sixteen, he found himself here in competition with the young men graduates of many of the leading colleges and universities.

But Nelson only worked the harder. If he went for an occasional brief visit with old friends, his books went with him. He battled with logarithms and all the other terrors of the higher mathematics, and he won. He became known as "Hundred Per Cent Nelson."

Then came Ellington Field, Texas, and with it visions of dropping bombs on Berlin. But here Nelson was not to have his own way. His yearning for adventure in the skies of Europe was quietly but effectively squelched. He was "too good"; that was all. So they kept him there at Ellington to help teach the other young aviators the art of flying and the manners and meaning of motors. And the eyes of many a fine, capable young American aviator will brighten today when the name of Erik Nelson is mentioned.

There came the Liberty Loan drives and he flew thousands of miles over the mountains of the West and the Southwest as one contribution to the many efforts to make them successes. Next came the flight to Alaska, the test of mail-carrying possibilities. This represented the greatest effort made by the United States up to that time. Four planes, each manned by a pilot aud a mechanician, made the flight to Alaska and return.

Nelson, in addition to piloting one of the planes, was the engineering officer in charge, "boss of the engines," as Lieutenant Smith would have put it.

He brought back with him from Alaska in his plane a huge Siberian dog, a remarkably fine animal, and home has since then for Nelson been "where my dog is." The dog awaits his master at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohic.

"The Boss of the Engines"

—that's Lieutenant Erik Nelson, the man who looked after the all-important engines of the American flyers who swept around the globe on their aerial argosy. Quiet, modest, and unassuming, studious beyond the average, Lieutenant Nelson, in whom flows the blood of the Norsemen of old, nobly fulfilled his duties as chief mechanician and had the supreme satisfaction of ending the flight with the highest praise for his efficiency, courage, and devotion.

FOLLOWING the Alaskan flight, the next big undertaking by army aviators was the flight of a squadron of planes from Texas across the Gulf of Mexico to Porto Rico and thence to Washington. The record of the flight was perfect. Nelson was again the engineering officer. The flight was spectacular, dangerous, and its success was most gratifying to the high officers in the aviation branch of the army.

During the last few years Nelson has been posted at McCook Field, as liaison officer between Washington and the Engineering Corps, but he found time to get to Detroit in 1922 and win the Detroit News trophy for multi-motored planes, covering a triangular course of two hundred and forty miles at an average speed of one hundred and five miles an hour.

Erik Nelson doesn't like to stand still. He always wants to be doing something. Alaska and Porto Rico were all well enough, but why not fly around the world? For the last few years he had been a persistent advocate of the idea with his chiefs at Washington and when the idea was taken up in a serious way last year Nelson was very much "in" on it.

The planes which flew around the world were of the "Douglas" type and the designer of them has recently taken occasion to thank Nelson and express his appreciation for the assistance he had from him in their design and construction.

A test plane of this type was built last year in California. Nelson was assigned to go to California to assist in the construction. When the plane was built Nelson flew it to McCook Field, a flight of two thousand miles, as a test.

Nelson's report on the performance of the plane clinched its right to be selected as the type for the great effort of flying around the world and the four machines were built.

WHEN Erik Nelson stepped out of the cockpit of the New Orleans at Mineola his friends saw much gray in his hair that was not there when he left California last spring.

What the American flyers passed through only they themselves know, but with the buoyancy of youth they are shedding it all rapidly and few traces of the strain remain.

"The boss of the engines," as did all the others, counted as lost the time that had to be given in responding to entertainments that awaited them at every stop.

Nature occasionally claimed its toll from them, as is evidenced by the relation of a tale concerning Nelson in Vienna. Arrived, his one idea was the luxury of a bath. Once in the tub he passed away into a blissful sleep, with the water still running, and he would probably have slept twenty-four hours had not the flooding of that part of the hotel been traced to its source.

Nelson, who is not married, will probably use the early furlough that will be granted to the flyers to go back to his old home in Stockholm to see his mother. He returned once before, after the Alaska flight, landing in Sweden a distinguished aviator and navigator and a United States citizen sixteen years after he had run away to sea. His father had died in the meantime, but the emotions of his mother may, perhaps, be imagined.

Nelson has always entirely consecrated himself to the things which he has tried to do. He has been recently called the greatest aviator in the world, but he himself will be the first to dispute it. In no way, not even in his thoughts, would he put himself one inch beyond his companions in the great flight.

There was a fine *esprit* all around, in the expedition, with nothing but a common desire to work together in every way to bring great glory to the common flag.

Nelson is nearly six feet in height, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds. He has the clear, blue eyes of the North, straight looking; powerful shoulders and arms, a round, rosy, well sun-burned face, and fine teeth.

He is modesty itself. He is uncomfortable under praise, a man of high character, of much personal charm and magnetism, and a man of whom all his fellow Americans may justifiably be proud. He is a splendid example of what is possible in the United States. Yes, America is still the land of opportunity for the boy who studiously and seriously seeks it.

Flying around the world ought to be about enough, so to speak. But Lieutenant Smith and his gallant companions are all a long way from being "through." A little later there will be new things to do, and Smith, Nelson, and the others will be in them.

And no finer tribute to the glorious thing they have just done has been uttered than the words of General Brewster at Boston:

"They are lieutenants, and I am a major general, but I'd be privileged to black their boots. That is all."

THE END

Do You BAWL OUT Your Husband PUBLICLY?

An Article for Wives Who Wait Until Company Arrives and Then Kid, Nag, Contradict, or Criticize the Poor Worms to Whom They Are Married, Together with Sort of a Footnote Hinting at a Good Old-Fashioned Spanking as a Cure

By ANONYMOUS

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

TWO BACHELORS had bidden their host and hostess good night, and the front door had closed. One of the guests, before getting into the waiting car, looked back toward the house.

"Ordinarily," he said, "I do not approve of wife-beating, but——"

"Nor I," remarked the other, "but if she had happened to be my wife——"

Neither of them completed his remarks, but each understood. They had been through the ordeal of dining with a friend and his wife, whom they admired for her looks, her dress, but who was one of that class of wives that wait until they get their husbands in public places, or in company of their friends, to bawl them out, criticize them, contradict them, or otherwise take advantage of the fact that the husband must smile and endure—at least until the guests have departed.

What percentage of wives indulge in this form of indoor sport is hard to determine, since the husbands assert that ninety-nine per cent of all wives do it, while the wives estimate that less than one per cent of women are guilty of this form of scientific nagging.

Understand, in the first place, that this is not personal at all. Having a wife who is a model in every respect, who never criticizes, nags, or scolds, who is perfect, I am unprejudiced and well fitted to discuss this aspect of married life. We, being the exceptions that prove the rule, may discuss these delicate questions.

If more married men, when bawled out in public, would bawl back and mention their wives' pet weaknesses and failings, this habit of wives would diminish and one of the most fruitful causes of divorce would be eliminated.

I would suggest, however, that, before adopting such methods, it would be well to ascertain the wife's athletic record at school and learn whether she fights in the bantam or the heavy weight class.

This custom of inviting your husband's friends to your home, and then taking advantage of their presence to bawl him out, is, however, more frequently the resource of women who are afraid to do it in the privacy of the boudoir. It is unfair fighting, and it always has been my contention that, if a husband and wife must fight, they should do it either in private or else have Tex Rickard make the match and get the most out of the contest.

You will discover, if you study the situation, that this custom of heckling husbands in public is a habit, which grows quickly when not repressed.

We have a friend whose wife is one of those smiling, adoring, and adorable little women. She is devotion itself to her husband and beautifully deferential to him—until she gets him in company. Even then her manner is sweet and entertaining. But during the week she has been collecting data on him, jotting down his bad breaks, his mistakes—and when the dinner party assembles she considers it proper amusement to relate everything, laughing gayly all the time.

"YOU should have seen Fred when he reached home Tuesday night," she will gurgle. "He was pickled, although he denied it, and he was trying to look sober, but, my dears, that bootleg stuff is to be detected from the front door. He was *so* funny, the way he fell upstairs and hit his nose. You know, he told them at the office that he hurt his nose boxing at the gymnasium."

Or she will flutter with gayety and remark:

"You know, Fred is simply crazy about women—and at his age! He imagines he is a lady-killer, and he doesn't realize what a fool a middle-aged man looks when some of these flappers get him hooked. Well, the other evening . . ."

Or she will say merrily:

"Fred considers himself a good business man, but he is always falling for the most ridiculous things. He is *easy*, if you only realize it. Only last week he was imposed on and bought two thousand dollars' worth of perfectly worthless oil stock."

All during this time Fred sits with the attitude of an impaled beetle, and tries to make his laugh sound natural when he joins in the merriment.

There is one satisfaction: if Fred dies of repressed anger or heart disease, no man who has heard his wife take it out on him for the benefit of his friends ever will marry her.

I went fishing with my friend Jones once. The first day he lost two bass, one a five-pounder, which broke through the landing net after he had it, and the other escaped when a hook broke. That evening I said Jones was the most remarkable man I ever had met, because he neither swore nor lost his temper when the fish got away.

"NOTHING can upset my temper after living with my wife twenty-two years," he said. "She is the sweetest, dearest, most lovable girl in the world, but when we are in company of others her chief topic of conversation is my 'funny' mistakes, or how 'funny' I looked when something happened, or how bad my memory is, or how I let people impose on me in business."

"Brother," said Ase, the guide, rising and shaking his hand, "I understand. I've got one of them at home—so I spend most of my time in the deep woods. Been married to that woman nigh thirty year—and she still gets out the tintypes we had taken on our honeymoon and shows 'em."

Another case is always fresh in my mind

He suddenly swung and slapped her flat across the mouth.

because it was one of the few times I ever saw a man strike a woman.

He was an old friend living in St. Louis, and he invited me to dinner and to attend a theater with him and his wife. The latter started bawling out her husband at dinner—about forgetting something—and scolding because he didn't complain about the waiters and the service. She never let up a minute during dinner, and neither of us had much appetite. He suggested that we walk to the theater—it was only four or five blocks, and the weather was fine. She bawled him out all the way to the theater for not calling a taxi. She gave him another bawling about how poor the seats were, and she bawled him for bringing us to such a punk show. In fact, we had four hours of continuous lambasting.

Their home is a little way back from the street, and when we got out of the taxi she started at him again for not helping her more when she might have broken her ankle on the rough walk which he had promised a thousand times to mend. It was just like him, she said, always neglecting things.

We were half way up to the front porch when he suddenly turned and slapped her flat across the mouth. She gave a cry, and he slapped her face again. Then she started to sob. Of course, he was ashamed, and he begged her to forgive him. He was almost crying himself. Then he remembered me and said:

"I'm sorry, old man, this happened."

"Don't apolgize to me," I said. "I came near applauding."

Just because his wife caught the tone (she didn't hear the words), I'm barred forever from that home. I always have thought he made a mistake. If he hadn't apologized for slapping her when she goaded him beyond the limit, he probably would have cured her, although she may have become a chronic case. Some of them get that way.

This method of torturing husbands begins soon after marriage. Its early symptoms consist of telling how foolish Harold looked when the porter brushed the rice out of his trouser cuffs, and later it takes the form of hunting up boyhood portraits of the husband and displaying them to guests.

When a bride begins to explain to her friends that Henry isn't really as bad as he seems, that he really had a fair education and that his saying "ain't" is merely a habit, the disease is taking hold; and when she begins to tell the dinner guests about the PER-fectly AW-ful friends Henry has downtown, it is time for the husband to curb her progress.

It is a progressive disease. Before long she will be treasuring mentally all his performances in and out of business and springing them when she gets him in public places.

The disease, with some wives, takes the form of direct contradiction of anything the husband says. This is rather a refinement of torture. Smith, for instance, begins to tell a story. His wife interrupts just as he is developing the idea, saying, "Oh, Pete, tell a new one! You've told that one a thousand times."

Brown tells an interested group of friends about the bass he hooked up at Rangely last summer, and at the climax his wife says, with a merry little squeak, "Isn't it perfectly ridiculous? Why, that bass didn't weigh more than a pound, and maybe it was a sucker."

Walker is telling of his motor accident, and as he is reaching the climax Mrs. Walker interrupts, saying, "Oh, no, Ben, it wasn't that way at ALL," and proceeds to tell how it really did occur.

I contend that no jury of married men ever would convict a husband who took a club and killed a woman of that sort.

THERE is a type of wife who, even when on the other side of the room, can hear every word Friend Husband says. She contradicts him until all his friends leave with the impression that he is a terrible liar, or that his wife is a pestilence that should be wiped out.

Of course, the greater part of this "bawling out" of husbands by their wives is due, not to any active dislike, hatred, or contempt of their husbands, not to a desire to hurt his reputation or damage his business, but merely reflects every woman's desire for an audience when she talks. There really is no pleasure in bawling out a husband in private, in reciting his failings and laughing at his weaknesses and mistakes; the pleasure (to the wife) is in having someone to tell it to—and few of them can resist this. Thus, before company, there is less danger of a comeback; it becomes a less hazardous pastime.

Now, mine—but then, perhaps, I give too much credit to her; possibly I am so near perfection that she can find nothing about me or my conduct to bawl out. And in all friendship (if I were not afraid my wife would find out I wrote this) I would advocate a good old-fashioned spanking for wives as a cure for the bawling-out habit. After all, this habit is cruelty and cowardice.

(Note to the Editor: If you dare sign my name to this, I'll lose my happy home—and all in the cause of truth.)

THE END

A Lovelorn Editor

By Doris Blake

Of the Love Problem Department of The Chicago Tribune, The Chicago Tribune Newspapers Syndicate, and The New York News.

"He had a young woman with him and the way he acted with her, Miss Blake, I couldn't believe it was my Daddy."

Tell me, honestly, do you get those letters you print in the paper, or do you make them up?

IN THE years I have been conducting the Love Problem Department for the Chicago *Tribune*, its syndicate service, and the *Daily News* of New York, I have received not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of letters. That answers whether they are "made up," a question put to me times without number.

Fortunately for the human beings, with their human problems, big and little, all letters do not have to be answered through the newspaper column. The great bulk of the mail, in fact, addressed to the Doris Blake Department asks for personal reply and gets it. The questions and answers that appear in the paper give but a vague hint of the serious and colossal amount of work that is carried on behind the scenes.

"But how can you take them seriously?" asks some highbrow friend. "How can you waste your time on such silly, sentimental, slushy stuff?"

Is it silly, sentimental, slushy stuff? Sentimental—yes—but no more silly than love and courtship and marriage. It is just that same silly, sentimental, slushy stuff, if so you will have it, that makes the world go round, as someone discovered long before my time.

Is any human endeavor to be patronized, treated lightly, whose annual report, were one compiled, could show letters from hundreds of young women acknowledging its words of warning saved them from taking the irretrievably false step which so often confronts the friendless girl in a large city?

Which could show as many hundreds of letters testifying its efforts have prevented the wrecking of homes in divorce courts?

Letters, again by the hundreds, from young men and women acknowledging the straightening out of kinks in their heart affairs, some of these inclosing wedding invitations or announcements with thanks that they are now established happily?

Which treasures not one, but several memories of souls saved from suicide, and one outstanding instance where double murder and suicide were prevented?

If the work of a Love Editor be silly, then the work of the clergyman in his ministrations to his flock, the work of bureaus of social hygiene, of girls' courts, of domestic relations courts, is trifling and worthless. The work is similar; in many instances identical.

A COLUMN such as mine, where a reader does not have to expose himself, but where, at the same time, he may get the benefit of helpful advice, is distinctly worth while and needs no apologies.

Consider the case of Mary, of Ellen, of Jennie, living in a small town, in a bigger factory town, or in any of the large cities like New York and Chicago. How can she have her problems of love and marriage answered by mothers and aunts and friends, all of whom are busy with their own affairs, and many of them, even with the best intentions, are incapable of answering?

There are a thousand new developments in modern life on the one hand and a thousand or more pitfalls on the other.

The old family and neighborhood relation is practically killed off. It's each to his own affairs, with no time for the affairs of others.

There is community of material interests, but little community of souls. In place of friends of the heart, familiar in the old days, we have nowadays only social friends. We have learned to hide our feelings, to mask our emotions, perhaps to a degree that is not compatible with genuine welfare.

It is this that gives justification for the existence of the so-called specialists in love, of which I happen to be one.

BUT the answer to the question of whether our love specialists fill any genuine need is given by the girls and boys, the men and women who write to her.

Let me take you into my confidence and try to give you an idea of the scope of her mission.

Now to whom but the detached, unseen person would "Esther" go with her story? She cannot go to her mother, as she says herself in a postscript:

"One cannot confide in her mother. I do not know why. Perhaps it is because she expects too much of her daughter, believing she could do no wrong."

"I am a girl of sixteen," Esther wrote me. "About a year ago I started to go around with a man of twenty-three. This young man was married and his wife died. About three weeks after her death he wanted to make a date with me, but I knew it was not right, and evaded him as much as possible thereafter, but whenever I did meet him he wanted me to go out with him. Finally I went. I soon discovered his intentions were not sincere. After an argument I came out the victor.

"That was not enough. He followed me around until I went out with him again and then I took my first wrong step. Of course, as may have been expected, he became very cool to me, and I came to think what a fool I had been, as I did not love him and surely he did not love me or he would not have acted as he did.

"About two weeks after, he became acquainted with my girl friend and she went out with him. He became tired of her and turned to me again. He even boasted of his conquest over girls. I figured that if a girl did happen to take a bad step, why need she continue? Therefore, I resolved to get away from him, and went to my aunt's. He called me up there, but I hung up on him.

"I have put up a hard fight, fearing I might run into him some place. I simply loathe him. I certainly wish I had taken mother's advice.

"After a girl takes one bad step she never has as much respect or confidence in herself as she had before. A bitter experience for a girl of sixteen, do you not think? I have seemed to turn against all men. I live almost a hermit's life. I go to work in the morning, come home, eat dinner and go to bed. I am on the straight and narrow path and intend to stay there."

It was seven years ago Esther wrote that letter to me. Since then we have been in correspondence, not frequent, but when she was discouraged she wrote me. When she needed

TELLS *the* TRUTH

Pictures by
William A. Hottinger

HUNDREDS of thousands of boys, girls, men, and women tell their jealously-guarded secrets to this specialist in sentimental troubles. In this intensely human article she reveals how she helps, dealing with love betrayed, triangles and even threatened murder and suicide.

more encouragement she wrote. She stuck to the straight and narrow path. Today she is happily married. A couple of months ago she sent me a picture of her first born, an adorable little fellow.

"I AM twenty," Helen wrote. "I am so unhappy over my dad I don't know what to do. He has always been a good daddy and my mother just worships him. One night about a week ago I went with an escort to dine in a public restaurant, and there was my father seated a few tables away with his back to me. He had a young woman with him and the way he acted with her, Miss Blake, I couldn't believe it was my daddy. He held her hand and he couldn't take his eyes off her.

"A couple of nights later I was going to a dance and I saw my father in a taxicab with the same woman. He had his arm around her shoulder. You will never know how I felt. I just felt terrible. Tonight he phoned he would not be home until late. I know he must be out with her again because he never acted like that in his life before. I am frantic. I do not know whether to tell my mother or not. I feel she ought to know. What would you advise me to do?"

I told her to spare her mother the heartache and disillusion. A little later the girl wrote again:

"I am so glad you advised me not to tell my mother. I simply had to tell someone when I wrote you and I didn't want any of my friends to know about my father. Since that third time he has never been away a single evening without my mother. He is just as sweet to her as he ever was.

"Perhaps men are like that!" Helen concludes. "Anyway it was better not to have told, wasn't it?"

Perhaps men are like that! Some men seem unable to resist one emotional jag, at least, in an otherwise well regulated married life. Well, anyway, hearts and homes are not broken over what wives do not know, are they?

Within the last year there came one day a frenzied telephone call from a girl who said she must see me at once. Because of the limitations of time and an infinite amount of work I must have the rule not to give personal interviews. Within a few minutes the girl called again. Her tone was so disturbing I told her to come to the office at once. She came, young, pretty, her voice trembling, her hands shaking, her whole demeanor indicating some great emotional crisis. In her handbag she carried a revolver.

Hers was the old story of the foolish virgin. She could not face the disgrace and she was going to end it all. But before taking her own life, she was going to kill the man. She had gone to his office. He was not in. She went to a nearby telephone and called me. For two hours I talked, pleaded, begged her to see the enormity of the thing she planned. I never asked her name. I do not know it to this day.

Enough that finally she burst into a fit of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

weeping and the tension of weeks was broken. She turned over the weapon and gave me her solemn word she would face the future without stain of blood upon her. She went away.

The next afternoon she called me and asked me to forgive her for the trouble she had caused. She was heartbroken and said she must have been insane to contemplate such a crime. After leaving my office, she went home, confided her trouble to her mother, as I urged her to do, and her mother said she would face it with her.

YES, there is melodrama in the life of a Love Editor. And there is the plain drama of two people, sworn to "love and cherish," but find it hard under the stress of modern living to adjust their tastes, their likes and dislikes to compatible living. A word from one—not an in-law—is often all that is needed to help them see that life is all a compromise and happiness a thing of give and take.

Again, there is just enough of the comedy of love in the problems presented, as in life itself, to lighten the task.

One day there came a letter from a man in a western state. He was fifty. His wife was forty-seven. For nearly twenty-five years these two had lived in peace and harmony. But in this fatal year some kind of romantic revolution, or germ of self-expression, got hold of mother. Perhaps someone had dropped some erotic literature on her doorstep.

Anyway, mother was priming herself for a dive off the springboard of simple domesticity. Or so it seemed to father with the repeated calls of a certain man in the town. On these occasions poor father was ordered to vacate the parlor and park himself in the kitchen until called for after the visitor's departure. After some twenty-odd years of dutiful husbanding the habit was so fixed, no doubt, that father obeyed and spent his evenings toasting his toes at the kitchen range.

On one of these isolated occasions he penned me his predicament. He loved that woman. He loved her dearly. And until recently she had given him no reason to doubt but that she returned the compliment. Well, I sat down and told him what I or any other woman would think of a man who would submit to orders like that in his own house.

I suggested that he be up and asserting himself and to lose no time about it. Instead of leaving the parlor, to ensconce himself in the best chair, with his feet on the parlor table by way of adding another inch or two to his authority, and await the coming of the intruder. Then do to him what Dempsey did to Firpo.

About three weeks later there came this testimonial:

> Dear Miss Blake: If you ever need any help, all you got to do is to wire me. You're sure a wonder! You told me a few things. I wish you could have seen that living room when I got through with him. And you ought to have seen him, too! I'm only a little fellow. My wife is bigger than me. So is the fellow. And what do you think? After I kicked him out my wife says, "I didn't know it was in you, John!" And she's been the old girl ever since!

In a year in which the Woman's Party was celebrating a particularly notable equality victory there came in a morning's mail a letter from a man, inclosing ten cents. He wanted a wife. In the afternoon mail there came a request from a woman to get her a husband. She inclosed one dollar. As I never indulge in the hazardous game of uniting two hearts, no matter how strong the matchmaking urge, the money in each case was refunded.

FROM time to time my brain has been sorely troubled for relevant answers to such disconcerting queries as the following:

"Please tell me how I can keep funny notions out of a boy's head."

"Should the lights happen to go out, is it necessary to keep up the same laws of society?"

"When walking north on Main Street, is it proper to walk on the inside or the outside of a lady?"

"Can you give me the name of some good matrimaniac paper?"

"Is it proper to kiss him on his arrival or his departure?"

"Do you think it nice to keep a diary? I have kept one for two years and there is nothing in it."

"How can you prevent boys from kissing you on moonlight nights?"

"Are there any books published on etiquette that would relieve any embarrassment from some breach made?"

"Is an occasional good-night kiss indecent, or is it merely prohibited by experts on the subject?"

"I am going to have a party and will invite about six. They are Presbyterians, so what would you suggest for us to play?"

"Do you think an overweight of forty-six pounds on a fellow of twenty-one would decrease his nerve when calling on a lady?"

"Please tell me what to do on Sunday evening. We have tried most everything."

I suppose there is not a single question of right or wrong, of love, passion, desire, of marriage, happy and unhappy, I have not run across in one form or another in this work. They run the gamut

from a simple etiquette problem to the most sordid domestic tragedy.

But of all the problems that come to me, the loneliness in human hearts is the most discouraging. You fortunate ones who have your homes, your families, your circle of friends, do not dream of the hungry-hearted army of friendless human beings around you.

The number of lonely letters I have received would fill volumes. I never read a lonely letter from a boy or girl who has his or her own way to make but my heart is touched.

I have known the loneliness of the hall bedroom, of the young person alone in a city of teeming streets and dreary isolation. I know what it is to grit your teeth and try to substitute books and things for human companionship and how immeasurably short they fall of purpose. Only those who have known such loneliness can understand to what desperate lengths its overpowering, soul-destroying force may drive one.

The temptation to make a chance acquaintance! The lean consolation of some poor makeshift for the ideal enshrined in the heart! The dying clutch on the married man substitute for the decent, honorable lover! The girl of easy acquaintanceship picked up on the street or in some cheap dance hall! There is no loneliness more awful than that of the young person unacquainted in a crowded city.

These young people do not write back home and tell how lonely they are. That might be admitting defeat. They write to me.

I can suggest some places, such as clubs, welfare organization centers, and homes, where they may go and meet other decent boys and girls. Some churches furnish rational, attractive amusement—but not enough of them supply adequate social life for young people. I wish more of our churches understood the overwhelming need of dances offering young women and men a healthy opportunity to meet and get acquainted pleasantly.

The laugh that lies dangerously close to a tear comes in a letter from one young girl:

"I have saved up some money. I guess I will buy a ukulele, as I have no boy friend and want something to spend the evenings with."

"About a year ago I started to go around with a man of twenty-three."

LOVE is a necessity, not a luxury. The desire to mate and the desire for food are the two great physical instincts in man. So when a girl asks how to go about attracting a man, or a boy inquires how to win a girl, they are acting on that normal impulse that dominates the human race. There is nothing silly or foolishly sentimental in helping them gain love in its deepest, truest sense, helping them to avoid conduct that would earn them a cheap imitation of the real jewel, is there?

Telling the secrets of how to be popular, consequently, occupies considerable time in the life of a love specialist.

Some there are, to be sure, who have their own theories on the laws of attraction, such as Bill, who told me:

"What attracted me most to the girl was her kindness to dumb brutes. Don't you think a girl who is kind to dumb brutes will make a good wife?"

Or Brown Eyes, who reveals:

"He treated me so refined and with great respect; used his best possible language; blew his nose quietly, and in every way was just grand."

Sometimes it is necessary to lend a word of encouragement to one like Hank, who confided:

"While calling at her house I had an awful toothache and didn't make myself as well known as I could have."

Again it may be necessary to offer some enlightenment on true gentlemanly conduct to one of Henry's erroneous training, this disclosed:

"I took it upon myself to treat her kindly and show her a good time in the manner a gentleman should treat a lady until they are finally married."

The sublime restlessness and unwisdom of boy and girl love is revealed in the kissing question as presented to me. One may wax facetious at the mere mention of kissing. One usually does. Nevertheless, it is a grave question of conduct.

My mail could tell a thousand tales of broken dreams, of lost faith, of shame and disgrace, with promiscuous petting, kissing, fondling as the cause. So, if I am Puritanical in my admonitions to the young, 'tis because I know from these thousands of experiences it were well to play on the side of extreme judiciousness.

Just how generally my admonitions are heeded—well, that is another thing. Perhaps there are a number who believe with Stella:

"We know we shouldn't kiss each other, Miss Blake, as we are not engaged, yet we both feel God will forgive us as He must know how terribly we love each other."

The difficulty that lies in acting within reasonable restriction, a difficulty common to all fascinating practices I am told, has to be struggled with in this query from Worried, which awaits reply:

"Is it wrong to spoon with a boy who likes you and keeps within the bounds of reason?"

Another difficulty besets me in a letter from Anxious:

"Is it more sanitary to kiss a man with a mustache on the forehead?"

Out of the abundance of my ignorance, unhampered by experience, I appeal to you, dear reader—

Is it?

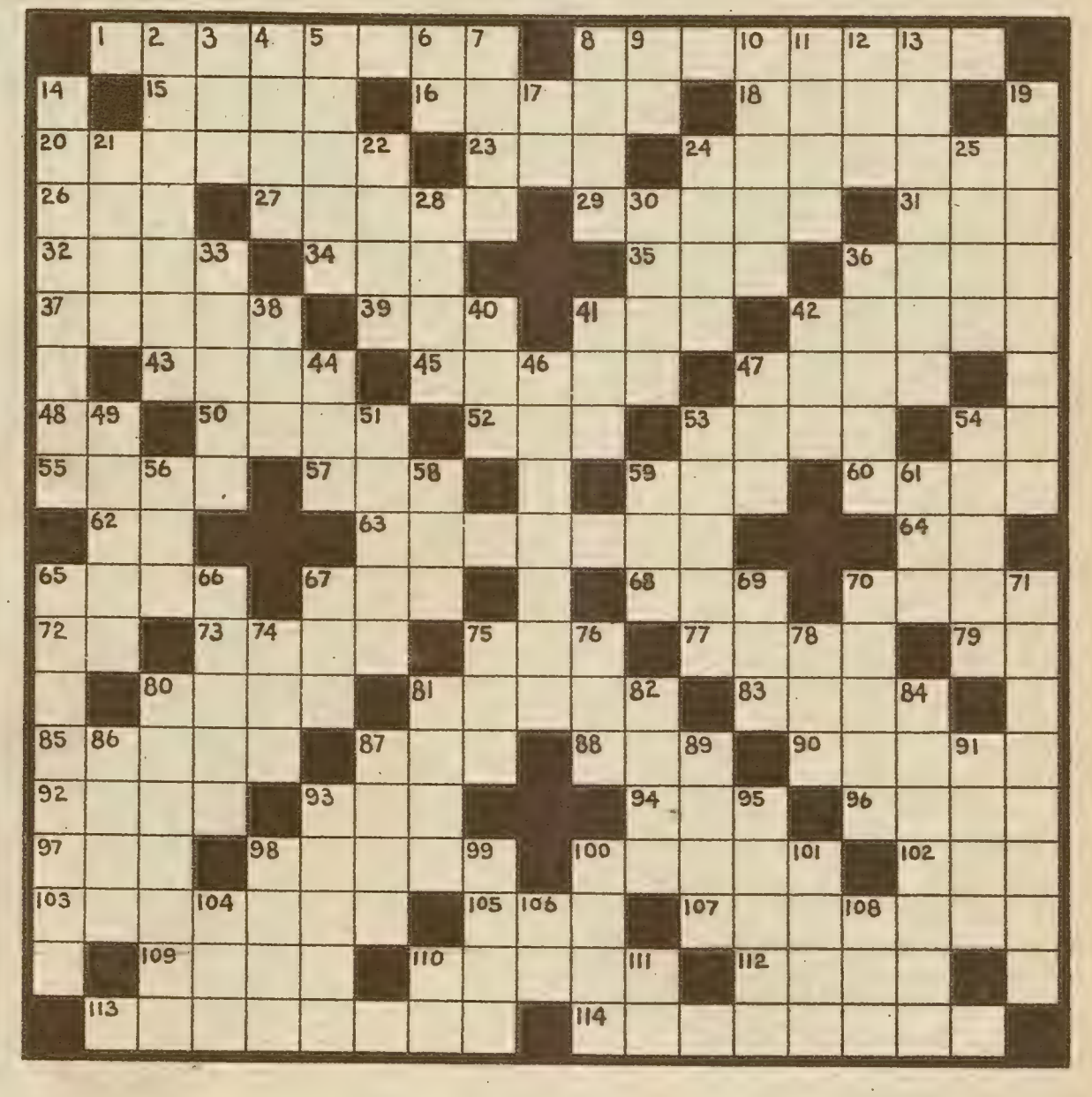
THE END

LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzles—No. 2

HERE'S another cross-word puzzle. As we told you before, it is not a difficult job to solve these, and all the words are found in handy reference books. If you don't quite know the method used, however, here is the way they're solved.

The horizontal word, for instance, beginning at space number 1, is defined as "ledger entries." The word that answers this definition is "postings." The second letter of "postings," of course, is "o." Hence the word running down vertically, for space two, *begins* with "O." This is defined as "The Son of Agamemnon."

Following this system throughout, you can solve the puzzle, and you will find it a lot of fun. The solution will be published in next week's Liberty. Don't send in answers. It's for your own amusement. No prizes are offered.



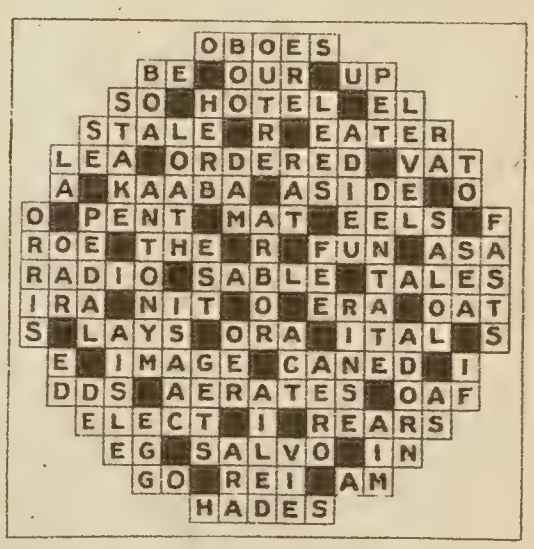
HORIZONTAL

1 Ledger entries
8 Divided into branches
15 Hostile incursion
16 Fertile spot in a desert
18 The head (obs.)
20 Sewing implements
23 A wit
24 To praise excessively
26 A vaporous substance, often combustible
27 Indulged the appetite
29 Make invalid
31 Small mound used in golf
32 Branches of learning taught in the academic course of colleges
34 To practice the art of needlework
35 A single unit
36 Membranous sac
37 Joy (plural)
39 A numeral
41 A meadow
42 Shallow
43 Undermines
45 Repulse
47 Nomadic Persian chief
48 Note well (Latin abbrev.)
50 To endure
52 Before
53 The past participle of *be*
54 Indefinite article
55 Clefts or openings
57 An organ of the human head
59 To capture (hunter's term)
60 A strong taste
62 The "Crescent City" (initials)
63 A kind of tree (plural)
64 An Italian river
65 Periods of time
67 A cooking vessel
68 A gratuity
70 To make over
72 A province of Canada
73 A conjunction
75 A minute mark
77 Course of remedial treatment
79 A measure of length
80 To make unclean
81 Small tumors
83 A Roman tyrant
85 Prevent
87 An enclosed space
88 Definite article
90 A foot lever
92 Twofold
93 A call for assistance
94 Public notices (abbrev.)
96 A white alkaline compound
97 To supply with instruments of warfare
98 Smudges
100 Porcelain ware
102 To steep
103 Member of a medieval order founded in the Twelfth Century
105 Commotion
107 A form of life insurance
109 A Greek god
110 To rage
112 A color shade
113 Pamphlet
114 Arose

VERTICAL

2 The son of Agamemnon
3 Cast down
4 A piece of mah jongg equipment
5 Thoughts
6 To pass from one place to another
7 Cut off by sawing
8 A Baltic port
9 Like
10 Endow
11 A baseball term
12 Ailing
13 Happiness
14 Entering into, as a compact
17 A continent (initials)
19 Overhanging
21 An English nobleman
22 "Let it stand"
24 A woman's name
25 An East Indian buzzard
28 A pitcher
30 Christmas carol
33 Sea mammals
36 Sing
38 Mineral spring
40 Born
41 A shelter from wind
42 A novel by H. Rider Haggard
44 Southerly point of the compass
46 Agent
47 A container
49 Pounds
51 A claw
53 Fundamental
54 Positive voltaic pole
56 An American author
58 A destructive pest
59 Wager
61 Mimic
65 To assign an earlier date
66 A seat
67 Intimate associate
69 A form of wit
70 Goddess of harvests
71 Imitated
74 Morbid state of mind
75 To put on
76 Anything small or trifling
78 A fabric
80 To falter in speaking
81 Fog
82 A ruler
84 A distillation of bone oil
86 Certain
87 An ill-bred person
89 Revise
91 An Arabian city
93 Cut
95 A raucous noise from the nose and mouth
98 Group
99 Satisfy
100 A woman's name
101 Soon
104 In favor of
106 Syllable used on solemnization
108 Gamin
110 Initials of large transportation system operating in the southern section of the U. S.
111 Manuscript

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

He Wasn't "Second Hand"!

Little Mary was chatting with one of the visitors who had come to see the new baby that had arrived the day before.

"And how old is the little man?" asked the visitor.

"Why," said Mary in astonishment, "he isn't old at all. He's brand new!"—L. G., Montreal, Can.

* * *

"Tummy" Was His Clock

"Mamma, is it lunch time yet?"

"No, darling, not for another hour."

"Well, then, my tummy must be fast."—F. A. S., Omaha, Neb.

That's as Plain as Can Be

Mary had been watching her mother plant seeds in a flower pot filled with dirt. Finally she spoke up:

"I know why the seeds grow, mamma."

"Why is it then?" asked her mother.

"Because they want to get up out of the dirt."—F. W. B., Cincinnati, O.

It Was a Puzzle!

Wynona, my kiddie of four, insisted one day on giving herself her own bath, unaided. I consented, but told her to remember her neck and ears. After a while a troubled little voice called, "Mother, how you 'pects me to wash my neck when it's behind and I'm in front?"—Mrs. S. H., Fort Worth, Tex.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 24

Well—Why Don't They?

Billy had been tucked in bed on a cold night. Asked if the bed felt cold, he replied, "Yes, daddy; but isn't it funny that the covers don't keep the bed warm?"—B. F. B., Riverdale, Md.

* * *

How Did He Guess That?

Michael's mother was eager to have her son speak correctly. One day she heard him talking to his dog, and his English was not standard. She called Michael's attention to the fact. "Aw, mother," said the little fellow. "Capers doesn't care."—R. D. Van H., Denver, Colo.

Signals

By DOUGLAS De Y. SILVER

At this moment the ball was snapped and Carry himself took it, to sweep through a baffled Scarlet defense.

Pictures by
THORNTON D. SKIDMORE

Cheering Crowds Greeted the Opening of the Big Game, But Some of the College Leaders Were Worried: Was Their Football Idol a Traitor?

A Short Story of Intrigue and Action

I.

JUST at dusk of an early November evening three Revere undergraduates ascended the steps of their eating club, The Poplars, and entered a long, low ceilinged room comfortably filled with fellow Poplarites. After greeting the others, the three settled themselves on a deep, comfortable lounge.

"Carry Deems ran well today," observed Jack Underhill, gazing reflectively at his pipe. "Nice little quarter back, that boy."

Underhill was president of the senior class and captain of the crew, so his opinions held weight. More, for instance, than the conversational tidbits of Ike Adams, who was dozing at the far end of the lounge.

Ike (perhaps you saw his father, Wallace Adams, in Hamlet, on Broadway last season) was the chief dramatic light of Revere. He was tall, slender, and exceedingly good looking. His mobile features were able to register as many different emotions as there are children in the ghetto, and it was predicted Ike wouldn't have to worry about a job after graduating.

"Carry has a lot of speed," he said, opening his eyes. "Funny fellow, though, off the field."

"Yes, he is a queer chap," assented Billy Pancoast, seating himself alongside of Adams. Billy, the editor of the college paper, resolved all college men into two classes, good eggs and queer chaps.

"It's a funny thing that Deems never made a club," pursued Adams, lighting a cigaret. "He's a popular man."

At this instant Chee, the smiling Filipino in charge of gastronomical matters at the club, announced dinner. Immediately there was a general movement for the dining room.

After coffee and cigarets, chairs were gently scraped or tipped back, while the members waited for Willie Finch, president of the club, to start the evening discussion.

Willie opened the meeting, which lasted for twenty minutes. Then he pronounced the time honored finality.

"I guess that's about all," he announced in a bored tone. "Is there anything else?"

"Just one thing," responded Jack Underhill. "What is the pleasure of this club about Carry Deems?"

"No pleasure at all," quickly answered Finch. "We thrashed that out before. Carry's a good football player, but he doesn't measure up to Poplar caliber."

"We never measured him," Adams retorted. "He may not be such a small bore as you think."

"He's had three years in which to qualify," went on Finch, "but as far as I can see there's something lacking somewhere. He's too neutral. Never does anything outside of the football season."

"I'm rather in favor of giving him one chance anyway," spoke Gilly Hawkes, a thoughtful fellow who held debating honors. "Why not appoint a committee to see just what kind of a bird he is?"

"All right," answered Finch, eager to be rid of the discussion. "I appoint Underhill, Adams, and Pancoast a committee to make a study of Carry Deems. They room across the hall from him and ought to be able to tell us something."

ON the other side of town, where the dwellings were of more modest proportions, Janice Woodruff lived with her father, "Pop" Woodruff, coach of the Revere football team. There had been a Mrs. Woodruff years ago, but almost ever since Janice could remember her father and she had lived alone in the cozy little home on Redmond Street.

During the daytime Janice was the secretary to the college president, but at night she broke more fluttering undergraduate hearts than any other Circe in the town.

Janice gayly hummed a little tune as she cleared the supper table.

"Well, who is it tonight, Janice?" inquired her father, peering over the top of his paper.

"Now, how foolish, Popsy, you know it's Willie—it's been Willie for ever so long now."

"I thought you might have changed," returned Pop Woodruff from the depths of his paper. "It *has* happened, you know."

At this instant the front door bell rang.

"Oh, there he is now and I'm not nearly ready," wailed Janice.

"Hello, Carry," she heard her father's genial boom as he opened the door. "Sure, Janice is home. Come in."

Carry was rather small and wore tortoise shell glasses, which emphasized a thin face.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Beneath a worn overcoat his muscular shoulders tapered into a close knit figure; a contrast to the atmosphere of studiousness which Carry otherwise reflected.

In the dining room Janice permitted a flicker of disappointment to betray itself in her eyes. Then she walked slowly toward the hall.

"Why, hello, Carry," she said. offering her hand. "You're quite a stranger.

Carry shook hands, nervously.

"I just thought I'd see if you wanted to go to the movies, Janice. Will you?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Carry, but I'm going out tonight—some other time maybe I'd like to go."

"I just wanted to ask you, Janice," he answered, "I didn't know you were going out. I might have guessed, though."

"That isn't fair, Carry—to say that—you haven't dropped in very often lately, you know," returned Janice.

"That's so," Carry replied. "It seems to me that you're not worrying a whole lot—not that I could expect you to."

"Well, now, just suppose that I wasn't worrying a whole lot, whose fault would that be, Carry?"

"Mine, I suppose, Janice. Well, I guess I'll be going. Good night."

The door clicked and Carry walked down the steps. As he approached the sidewalk he heard a crunching sound in the road and then a few wheezy snorts as Willie Finch brought his car flush with the curb.

"Hello, Deems!" exclaimed Finch briefly, hopping out of his runabout and brushing past. Carry returned his salute and headed for Thayer Hall, where he lived.

After opening the door to his room on the second floor Carry crossed into the darkness and sank into a chair by the window.

He stared out upon the darkened campus and wondered what Janice had meant. Her cryptic "whose fault would that be?" spun around and around in his dazed mind.

Gradually he understood. Janice, the girl he had adored since his freshman year, had decided that he couldn't make the grade—her grade. How she had changed since the days they used to take long walks to Burnham together! He couldn't afford, he bitterly reflected, to amuse her in the style in which she was at present being entertained. He couldn't hope to take her auto riding, to theaters, and to expensive dances. How could he hope to compete with Willie Finch, the president of the Poplars?

He hadn't even been asked to "drop in for dinner tonight at the Poplars," the time honored means of informing a man that he had been elected a member.

Across the hall three Poplarites were engaged in a discussion of their disgruntled neighbor, Carry.

"As I figure it out," said Pancoast, lighting his pipe, "Deems is a bearcat at the quarter back business, but who really knows him on the campus? Why, you never see the chap except during the football season. Minds his own business, I suppose, but as far as the Poplars——"

"Well," cut in Underhill, "of course, just being a football man wouldn't necessarily qualify him to twirl a fork at the shack." Poplar men always refer to their club as the shack.

"However," added Underhill. "I suppose Willie Finch's not so keen for him because, well—you know he used to——

"Today I sat behind Ike Adams and Pancoast."

around with Janice Woodruff. She's still kind of sweet on Deems, I think."

"I agree with Shakespeare," ventured Ike Adams, "my motto is 'give a guy a chance'. I don't know Carry very well, but I do think we might try and find out what's the matter with him before we kill his chances. This is his last year."

"He's so darn hard to get at, though," said Underhill. "Here he is rooming right under our noses, and yet we don't feel that we know him."

"That's so, but I have a plan," said Adams.

The two others bent over their pipes, filling them, and told Ike to unfold his scheme.

"Now, the Spencer game is two weeks off," Adams declared, "and the nub of this whole business is that if Swede Morgan doesn't beat Revere he won't get another five year contract. I have that on good authority. Everybody knows Morgan's reputation, so this thing might be worth a try—at least it's feasible."

Swede Morgan, coach of the Spencer University football team, was not enjoying a savory reputation in athletic circles. In fact, the coach of Revere's traditional rival was a devotee of the belief that deliberate roughness, if the officials didn't see it, was a good way to put annoying opponents out of the game. In past years, on several occasions, it had been whispered that Spencer had been reasonably well informed about its opponents' signals. Spencer usually won, too.

"What's the connection?" asked Underhill.

"Just this," answered Adams, warming to his project, "Spencer wants to win this game, and they're not favorites this year. In fact, they're not even a one to three shot. Now, wouldn't it be logical for a syndicate of gamblers, working on Morgan's fondness for stealing signals, to try to get our signals, cooperate with Morgan, and then collect a large sum in bets placed at odds against Revere?"

Pancoast felt for a stray match.

"I don't quite see, Ike," he said, "just how this has any bearing on the matter at hand."

"Simple as pie," returned Adams. "I will impersonate Lefty Muggs, a famous sporting crook, offer Deems ten thousand dollars for the Revere signals, and see what happens. If he beats me up, all right; we know he's our man. But if he doesn't, and gets interested, why, then——"

"It's a charming little experiment," added Underhill, with conviction.

II.

THE next evening, while returning from practice, Carry Deems noticed a dapper figure lounging across the street. As Carry looked he saw the figure straighten up, carefully arrange a yellow vest, and hasten to cross the road.

"Good evening," said the stranger. "You Carry Deems, ain't you?"

"Yes. My name is Deems," Carry said slowly. "What do you want?"

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Deems," answered the other. "It's a little pers'nal matter—just you'n me, see? Very pers'nal."

"Come on; what do you want. I'm not buying any hootch," Carry said.

"I'm Lefty Muggs, an' I been sent here from Spencer."

"Spencer?"

"Yeh—you know Swede Morgan?—him and me are good friends, see? An' I gotta lotta frien's in New York what are gonna bet on the game. Well, I gotta little hunk meself on Spencer to beat Revere—nice odds."

"Well?"

"That's where you come in." Muggs looked cautiously up the street, but no one was in sight. "All you gotta do is——"

Carry started to walk away.

"Now, listen," cried the other. "I'm givin' this to ya straight. You give me your signals for the Spencer game an' *positively* you will get ten thousand dollars."

Carry seemed uncertain whether to take a healthy poke at the gambler or to leave. He did neither.

"What's that you say?" he faltered. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"Ten thousand, bo, for a nice little piece o' paper all covered with nice little figgers—*right* ones, you understand. Swede'll be wise."

"Well," Carry said, "you be here tomorrow night at this time—I'll let you know."

The man went on as Carry, scowling, watched him disappear in the darkness.

Blackboard drill the following night seemed interminable. At last Pop Woodruff dismissed the squad. Carry found Muggs at the appointed corner.

"Here it is," said Carry, nervously, handing Muggs a folded sheet of paper. "They're all there."

"That's all right, Deems," said the gambler suavely, after glancing at the paper. "Looks like the real thing—if it ain't, now—all we gotta do is tell Revere you were approached and didn't come clean right away—that'll look funny, won't it, eh?"

"Don't worry," answered Carry.

Half an hour later Ike Adams walked slowly into his room. His face wore a tense, baffled expression. Underhill and Pancoast looked up eagerly. The latter took the sheet of paper that Adams dangled in front of him and scanned its contents.

"Why, Ike," he stammered, handing the paper to Underhill. "Those are the real signals!"

"Good Lord! We ought to do something about this!" exclaimed Underhill angrily.

"We can't do a thing publicly, or mention it at the house," returned Ike, removing his false mustache. "You can see what a mess we'd be in for butting in where we had no business to be. It will just have to drop."

Coach Woodruff of Revere ordered secret practice in preparation for the final test, so none were admitted to the field but the players.

AT last the great day arrived, and with it an influx of pretty girls, old grads, and winning-color merchants.

The Poplars and their very best girls occupied an entire section near the south goal on the thirty yard line. In the first row, "stagging it," sat Ike Adams, Jack Underhill, and Billy Pancoast.

Captain Blake of Revere won the toss and elected to defend the south goal. Spencer kicked off.

Jones, a Revere back, caught the ball under his own goal and wormed his way past a half dozen would-be tacklers to the twenty yard line. He was brought smashing to earth and play began in earnest.

The two teams lined up. Deems stood behind his center, cupped his hand, and shouted the signals. The ball was passed; Blake took it, and the Spencer left end was boxed, but Blake was finally nailed on the thirty-five yard line.

Pandemonium burst forth from the Revere stands and faded away when the teams lined up. The Poplars were but a few feet away from the scene of action as Carry Deems stood for a second, and then cupped his hands again. This time he seemed to be addressing the stands and the Spencer team more than his own back field. Then he barked.

"Sure," he yelled, "Spencer has our signals—hope they like 'em—offered ten thousand——"

At this instant the ball was snapped and Carry himself took it, to sweep through a baffled Scarlet defense, ignorant of the Revere signals, for twenty-five yards.

Instantly the crowd buzzed with amazement and forgot to cheer. Ike Adams looked at Underhill and burst out laughing. Pancoast nearly swallowed his cigaret.

On the next play a blue clad Revere player romped through a scattering of Spencer defenders and made a touchdown. Cheers broke out, the band started, and Captain Philburn of Spencer argued angrily with Finney, the referee. After the kickoff Revere got possession of the ball in midfield. Carry raised his hand to trumpet his voice.

"Ten thousand dollars," he shouted, "for a nice set of signals—on page twenty-four of the rule book it says——"

Again the ball was snapped, and on an off tackle smash Blake netted ten yards.

At half time the score stood thirty-four to nothing, with Spencer on the light end.

As the whistle blew Swede Morgan, gaunt and grizzled veteran of thirty seasons, rushed on the field and grabbed Finney by the arm. He danced up and down excitedly, and seemed in a fair way to explode, when Finney, a diplomat of long experience, suggested a trip to the Revere clubhouse.

The Revere players followed and in the dressing room found an angry reception committee formed of Swede Morgan, Woodruff. Finney, and Dr. Dinwoodie himself, the president of Revere. An excited group of players, trainers, and distinguished old grads milled around the benches.

Ike Adams had disengaged himself from the grand stand and worked his way into the outskirts of the crowd in the clubhouse.

"I tell you," shouted Morgan angrily, addressing himself to President Dinwoodie, "this is an outrage! I shall protest the game—in violation of the rules your quarter back gave his signals in an insulting, vituperative manner, calculated to imply that we stole the Revere signals! It's a damn lie!"

Hubbub commenced again.

President Dinwoodie asked Woodruff to explain his team's evident breach of etiquette.

"Well," started the Revere coach, pointing to Deems, "Carry here told me a couple of weeks ago that a gambler had approached him and offered to pay him ten thousand dollars for the Revere signals. The gambler said he was working with Morgan."

"It's a lie!" thundered Morgan.

"And," went on Woodruff, "I told Carry to hand the signals over, and then, well—we changed our style of signals, that's all. There's nothing in the rule book against using a system of words instead of numbers, you know."

Carry related his experiences with Muggs, the gambler.

"The time is nearly up," said President Dinwoodie, seriously, "and I think it better if we used our old signals again, but when things have quieted down I propose to sift this to the bottom. It is a grave matter, I fear."

The next half, with Carry using the old signals, was a different affair. Though it was evident the signals were not known to Spencer, the return to the familiar number system restored their lost morale. The two teams battled evenly until the last five minutes, when Deems, with a brilliant piece of broken field running, added six points to the Revere total. The final score stood: Revere, 40; Spencer, 0.

AFTER dressing, Carry left the clubhouse and was captured by an eager, cheering mass of Revere supporters. With difficulty he slipped away. As he crossed the street he noticed, among others, a small, high powered car parked against the curb. More particularly, the figure of a girl, waving at him.

Carry walked slowly toward the car.

"Carry," Janice said, leaping to the ground, "I think it was splendid. You were just great!"

"Thanks," Carry answered, noticing for the first time a coonskin clad figure slouching under the steering wheel.

"Hello, Finch," Carry said.

"Hello, Deems—nice game," returned Finch. "Better jump in, Janice, or we'll be late for that dinner dance."

"Just a moment, Willie Finch," responded Janice, "or the first thing you know you'll be going away alone."

"Very well, suit yourself," answered Finch, peevishly, "but if you're coming, come now."

Janice hooked her arm in Carry's and steered him for the sidewalk.

"Oh, Carry," she said softly, as they strolled toward Redmond Street, "I want to apologize."

Carry was silent.

"I had the wrong idea about popularity and clubs and everything, Carry," she continued, looking up in his face. "You see, I knew all about those signals, too."

"You did?"

"Popsy told me all about it—he likes you, you see—and then today I sat behind Ike Adams and Pancoast—Underhill, too, I think—and Carry—they played a trick on you to see if you were straight!"

"What do you mean——," began Carry, bewildered.

"I mean that I overheard Pancoast say to Adams: 'You're a ham actor, Muggs.' Isn't that enough, Carry? You know how clever Adams is at impersonation—don't you see that he was the Muggs who approached you? They were trying to see if you were good enough for the Poplars. They didn't seem to care whose reputation was sacrificed."

"Well," answered Carry, "your father can straighten that out, I guess. Swede Morgan will get a square deal when the truth is learned. It would be a shame if he lost his contract."

"Carry?"

"Yes."

"Will you come over for dinner tonight—not only tonight, Carry, but any other time?"

"I guess that can be arranged," answered Carry, smiling. "Thanks a lot, Janice—why, look—we're home already!"

As he walked back to Thayer to dress, Carry felt as though he was floating through the atmosphere. He climbed the stairs in Thayer and saw Adams standing by his door. Behind Ike stood Willie Finch.

"Hello, Carry," Ike began, "can you drop in for dinner at the Poplars tonight?"

"I'm sorry, boys," answered Carry as he opened his door. "I've just taken another bid."

THE END

ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

By CAROLYN WELLS

THIRD INSTALLMENT
OF A NEW SERIAL OF LOVE, ASTOUNDING CRIME, AND MYSTERY

"The subject was the question of my marriage with Mr. Grant Maxwell."

CHAPTER IV. *(Continued).*

A CROWD OF WITNESSES.

"I D-DON'T know, sir," Lennox stammered, "who killed Mr. Eldridge. But it must have been some intruder from outside. It c-couldn't have been anyone in the house!"

"Unless somebody had concealed himself in the house for the purpose."

"Yes, sir — unless that. But that could scarce be done, sir. We all keep watch against anything like that."

"Why do you? Were you fearing such an occurrence?"

"Well, sir, it was only a week ago that the master bid us keep a sharp watch out lest somebody get into the house on the sly."

"You think Mr. Eldridge expected some such trouble, then?" the coroner demanded.

"I c-can't say, sir—only he gave those orders."

"Who was with you in the dining room, Lennox?"

"Jane, sir; the waitress."

"I'll question her next, then." Bennett's gaze shifted to the girl. "Don't be frightened, Jane; just tell the truth. Did you see or hear anything unusual that might help our investigation of this catastrophe?"

"No, sir," said Jane, quite at her ease, and showing no sign of fear or embarrassment. "There was nothing unusual occurred inside the house, sir."

"And did you see or hear anything strange outside the house?"

"No—no, sir—not to say strange."

"What, then?"

"I suppose it's nothing, but while I was in the dining room I glanced out of the window and I saw a man go past the house—on the sidewalk, you know—and then turn around and go back again."

"That doesn't seem to be of grave importance, Jane." Bennett suppressed a slight smile. "However, describe the man."

"Oh, he was just an ordinary looking man. Just like anybody who would pass by of a morning."

"Tall or short?"

"I don't know. Medium, I guess."

"Stout or thin?"

"I didn't notice. About half and half."

"How was he dressed?"

"Lord, sir, I've no idea! I didn't look at him special at all. Do you think he killed the master?"

"I've no reason to think so as yet. But you say he passed the house and then turned round and passed back?"

"Yes, sir. But what he looked like I can't say in partikler. He was just a man."

It was then that a voice from the group of servants said: "I saw that man."

"Who spoke?" cried Bennett excitedly. "Step out here!"

SLOWLY But Surely Suspicion Coils Itself Around the Beautiful Lorraine, Mysterious Adopted Daughter of Austin Eldridge, the Murdered Financier, Who Had Boasted of His Secrets and His Enemies. Was Lorraine the Unseen Slayer?

Essie, Milliken's pet among the maids, came forward. Not at all averse to being in the limelight, she deposed that she had been upstairs in one of the bedrooms and had seen a man walk by the house, and then turn and walk back again.

"This talk is futile," Bennett declared. "Of course, several people must have passed the house about that time. This is a popular avenue; folks are always passing. But none of them could have done the fatal deed. The others would have seen him, as well as the people of this house. Our investigations now must be directed toward the inmates of this household at the time of the crime."

Milliken, the housekeeper, pushed herself forward.

"If you please, sir, I'll speak for Miss Lorraine. There's nothing she could put forth that I can't tell for her, and it'll save her a sight of trouble and pain if you'll just quiz me in her place."

Bennett looked at the woman gravely.

"I appreciate your thoughtfulness for your young mistress," he said, "but Miss Eldridge will have to answer a few questions herself."

It was at that moment that a tall, dignified woman appeared at the door of the library and, with the air of one born to command, walked across the room and sat down beside Grant Maxwell.

"I am Mrs. Maxwell," she said, with an indifferent nod at Bennett. "I propose to listen to this conference, or inquest, or whatever you call it. I assume there's no objection."

It seemed to Bennett there was no valid one, so he bowed a tacit assent and turned again to a page of notes that lay on the table before him.

"I don't believe I c-can talk," Lorraine burst out, as Bennett turned his attention to her, and was unmistakably preparing to quiz her.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Eldridge," Detective Sergeant Stiles broke in. He had far more tact than Bennett and much greater kindness. "We must ask you a few questions, but will spare you in every way we can. Now, first of all, tell us, had your father any enemies who would desire his death?"

The effort to speak brought a flood of tears, and Lorraine buried her face in her handkerchief, utterly unable to utter a word.

"Ask *me*, I tell you," Milliken said and her head tossed obstinately. "I can tell you those things as well as Miss Lorraine. As to enemies, Mr. Eldridge had nothing but."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Bennett.

"I mean that Mr. Eldridge had enemies of all sorts—political, business, and society. He was always making new ones, too."

But Bennett was not to be deflected from his questioning of Lorraine.

"Miss Eldridge," he said, "I am sure that you want to do all you can in the matter of discovering the criminal and avenging your father's death. I am sure that you will try to control your feelings sufficiently to answer a few simple questions. First, will you tell me of the circumstances immediately preceding the death of your father? Had he had any quarrel or unpleasantness with anyone this morning?"

LORRAINE raised her pitiful face and wiped away her tears as she said, "Only with me."

"With you?"

"Yes, we didn't quarrel—that is not the word—but we—we disagreed on—on a certain subject."

"What was the subject?"

Bennett's voice was as gentle as he could make it, but his tone was inexorable.

Spurred by the emergency, Lorraine had grown calmer, and she said, quietly:

"The subject was the question of my marriage with Mr. Grant Maxwell."

"As there is no question of that now, it is scarcely worth while to refer to it," came in icy tones from the delicate, chiseled lips of Mrs. Maxwell.

"As it is a strong point at issue, the matter should be taken up right here and now," was the decided response from Grant Maxwell, who sat by Lorraine and watched her as solicitously as did Milliken herself.

At Mrs. Maxwell's speech the girl had drawn herself up in dignity. Paying no attention to Grant's words, she said:

"This question of my engagement is not to be discussed here. But the question of my controversy with my father may be needed as evidence, and I give it willingly.

"It may as well be stated right here that I am not Austin Eldridge's own child but his adopted daughter. Legally adopted, so that I am, in all respects save birth, his child. He always treated me as his own, and no father could have been kinder or tenderer.

"But, when Mr. Maxwell asked him for my hand in marriage, my father deemed it neces-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

sary and right to tell him the truth about my birth. This was no obstacle to Mr. Maxwell, but it was a great one to his mother, who "—she looked at the lady in question—" who considered me beneath her son in social importance and refused her consent to the engagement.

"This is where the matter stood at the time of my father's death, and this morning both Mr. Maxwell and myself had discussed the subject with him, but had reached no definite decision. We had expected to resume the discussion after luncheon, but——"

And here Lorraine's enforced calm gave way and she threw herself into Milliken's waiting arms, while she sobbed on her breast.

BENNETT looked grave.

"You discussed this thing with Mr. Eldridge and his daughter?" he said to Grant Maxwell.

"Yes."

"And he refused his consent?"

"Not positively. But he was annoyed at my mother's objections."

Mrs. Maxwell glared at her son, but said no word. She was a wise woman.

"And then, as I understand it, Mr. Maxwell, you went upstairs and left Miss Eldridge and her father still talking about it."

"Yes, Miss Eldridge thought she might manage him better alone, and she suggested that we talk it over, further, after luncheon."

"Thinking that perhaps in the meantime she could persuade him to be more leniently inclined?"

"Something of that sort."

"And you remained upstairs until the lunch gong sounded?"

"Yes."

"And came down to find the group on the front veranda surrounding the dead man?"

Grant Maxwell hesitated. He didn't like the smug satisfaction that was beginning to show itself on Bennett's face.

"Why, yes—that is, I was coming downstairs, and I heard exclamations that sounded mysterious—I mean, not like the laughter and gay speech I expected to hear, and, of course, seeing people out front, I went out, and—well, it was all so confused and mixed up I can't give a very clear account."

"Oh, you can't. Well, Mr. Maxwell, seeing what you did see, and knowing what you do know, who do you think killed Mr. Eldridge?"

"I can't imagine. I can only say that I know it was no member of his household, nor was it one of his guests. That leaves only the possibility of an outsider who managed to effect an entrance and get away again unobserved. I know that sounds vague, and also implausible, but it is the only possible assumption, and—you asked me my opinion."

Bennett smiled grimly.

"Not the *only* possible assumption," he said, dryly. "I can think of one other that is *quite* possible."

And for a moment his cold eyes rested upon Lorraine.

CHAPTER V.

A POSSIBLE SUSPECT.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT STILES was torn by conflicting emotions. Newly appointed to his present post, eager to win bright and sharp spurs, he was elated at the prospect of solving the great Eldridge mystery.

But clews, evidence, and deduction all resulted in one awful conviction: the guilt of Lorraine Eldridge.

He heaved a deep sigh. Twenty-four hours had passed since the crime was committed, and the farce of an inquest had been held and adjourned, hoping for further light.

Bennett was no more willing than Stiles to accuse Lorraine openly, but matters must move on and investigations must be continued.

So Stiles sat in the Eldridge library, awaiting the coming of Mr. Crosby, the lawyer, who would go over the Eldridge desk with him.

The two Mersereaus were there, too, for, as next of kin, Sarah was in command and Louis usurped even her authority.

The lawyer arrived and seated himself in the swivel chair at the big table desk in the middle of the room.

"Now," he said, nodding at the others, "this whole affair is very distressing, to be sure, but we must force ourselves, for the time being, to ignore the sadness and horror of it all and turn our full attention to the business details that have become so suddenly of vital importance."

"Oughtn't we to call Lorraine down?" Sarah said, doubtfully.

"Not at first," said Crosby, with decision. "We must ascertain her status, her real relationship—if any—to Austin Eldridge."

"Yes, let's get right at that," Mersereau said, quickly. "She claims that she was legally adopted, but we've not been able to find any adoption papers. What do you know about it, Mr. Crosby?"

"Only that Eldridge always seemed to count her as a real daughter, and if so—if she has been legally adopted—she has all the rights of a daughter by birth. But we must see the adoption papers."

"You're not hinting that Austin left no will!" exclaimed Sarah, suddenly.

"Just that," said Crosby. "He had drawn up innumerable wills, varying in minor bequests and also in some important details, but he had not completed them or the one he was last oecupied with."

"The first thing is," said Sarah, outspokenly, "to see about Lorraine. If she is not legally adopted, I, of course, am my brother's heir."

"That is true," Crosby agreed, and, taking the keys which had been in Stiles' custody, he opened the desk and, later, the safe.

THEY spent several hours going over the papers and letters of Austin Eldridge, and at the end of their task they knew the extent of his fortune, the number and nature of his securities, and his financial assets and liabilities.

No estate could have been in better order for examination and appraisal, and Crosby expressed his deep satisfaction.

But the most careful search failed to bring forth adoption papers for Lorraine, nor was there any sign or hint of a will. Not even a memorandum of the bequests Eldridge intended to make to charities or friends or servants.

Sarah looked her bewilderment.

"Where in the world could those papers be?" she demanded.

"Personally," Crosby answered, "I believe there is some other receptacle for papers that we have not yet discovered; some secret drawer or hidden box——"

"Oh, come now," said Mersereau, a little testily, "that's hackneyed stuff. Hidden drawers and secret panels are found only in old-fashioned novels."

"I don't agree," said Crosby. "There must be a lot of papers that we haven't yet run across, and perhaps Miss Lorraine's adoption papers will be found with them."

Sarah Mersereau's face fell in a manner that was almost comical, so plainly did it show her fear that such papers would be found. For, if Lorraine was Eldridge's daughter by legal adoption, she was sole heir in the absence of any will.

"The matter can wait over a few days and we can make a more exhaustive search," Stiles said. "There are other things to discuss, eh?" He smiled grimly and added, "I may as well tell you that several highly influential citizens of Shoredale have hinted that it would be wiser not to probe too deeply."

Sarah's thin lips snapped out her answer: "I see no reason why my brother's murderer should not be brought to justice——"

"No matter who is implicated?" asked Crosby, softly.

"What do you mean?" And Sarah stared at the lawyer's grave face.

"Lorraine," he said simply.

Sarah gasped. "What could have been her motive?" she asked, in a voice that trembled.

"First, anger at her father for not granting his consent to her engagement to young Max-

WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE STORY:

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, financier and man of secrets and many enemies, is found murdered, in full sunlight, on the porch of Myrtle Lawn, his summer home in Shoredale. A carving knife had been driven deep into his breast and left there. It seems impossible that anyone could have approached his chair without being seen.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, his lovely adopted daughter, discovers the crime a moment after the luncheon gong rouses her. She had been lying in a hammock near Eldridge, when the stabbing took place. A few minutes previcus she and

GRANT MAXWELL had been begging Eldridge to consent to their announcing their engagement. But he had cut them short, declaring Maxwell's snobbish mother did not consider his adopted daughter good enough for her son. Lorraine, thinking she could persuade her father to relent if left alone with him, had sent Maxwell away.

PETER THORNE, a detective, who is staying at an inn near the Eldridge home, is greatly interested on learning of the crime, but etiquette forbids his offering his services until asked by one of the family.

SARAH and LOUIS MERSEREAU, Austin Eldridge's sister and brother-in-law, are house guests at Myrtle Lawn. When the gong for luncheon sounds they stroll to the porch—to find Eldridge dead.

MILLIKEN, cook and captain bold of the establishment, rises to the crisis, proving herself cooler than the others.

BENNETT, county medical examiner, assumes authority as coroner.

STILES, a police detective, arrives, and questions the servants.

ESSIE, one of the maids, maintains that the fatal carving knife is part of the Eldridge kitchen equipment.

LENNOX, the butler, contradicts this, declaring that the knife does not belong to the household. Bennett startles all by asking him suddenly who, in his opinion, stabbed Eldridge.

It was at that moment that a tall and dignified woman appeared at the door.

well, and, second—if she knew he had made no will—a desire to inherit his money and marry the man of her choice."

"Absurd!" Sarah Mersereau exclaimed. "Lorraine couldn't have done that awful thing—she *couldn't!*"

"But," Stiles retorted, "the deed was certainly done by someone in the house, and who could have desired Eldridge's death but Miss Lorraine and her suitor, Grant Maxwell? Now, we know Maxwell was in the bathroom when the gong sounded and could not possibly have reached the front porch in time to do the deed. Which, as you must see, leaves no possibility but Miss Lorraine Eldridge. Will you call her, Mrs. Mersereau?"

Half dazed, Sarah stumbled from the room and went in search of Lorraine. She found her on the porch, seated just outside the open window of the library where the conference had been held.

"I heard all you said," Lorraine informed her. "Eavesdropping, I suppose you'd call it, but I don't care. I have a right to know what's being said and done in this matter."

She rose—a slip of a girl—looking slenderer than ever in her plain little frock of black georgette, her soft, bobbed hair ringleted over her ears, and her big, pathetic eyes full of sadness and sorrow.

Even Mersereau melted at the appealing sight, and, in spirit, Stiles fairly groveled at her feet.

But Crosby was firm; he steeled his heart against any personal bias or any consideration for the girl's youth and beauty.

"Lorraine," he said, "don't be frightened; just tell us a few simple facts about yourself. We know you are Austin Eldridge's daughter only by adoption. Do you know whether you are his legally adopted child or not?"

"I do know. I am." The little head was held proudly aloft, and the pleading eyes showed a trace of pride, even hauteur.

"Your father told you so?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever seen any legal papers attesting this?"

"No. But father assured me that my adoption was so legally true that I was just the same as his own child, where any business matters were concerned."

"And you loved him as your own father?"

Lorraine hesitated a moment, and then said, slowly: "I did—until he was unwilling to let me marry Grant Maxwell."

"Why did he object?" Stiles asked, taking the inquiry into his own hands.

"Partly because Mrs. Maxwell, Grant's mother, was so opposed to it, and partly because—well, I don't know what his other reasons were, but he had some."

"You *do* know what they were," Stiles stormed at her, for her sudden hesitation and rising color implied concealment of something.

"No—no, I don't," she insisted.

"Did Mr. Maxwell resent your father's refusal enough to want to kill him?" he flung at her, suddenly.

"No!" she cried, cringing like a hurt animal. "What an awful thing to say!"

"Then, Miss Eldridge, that leaves only yourself as a possible suspect. Nobody else had motive or opportunity. You had both!"

THE icy coldness of Stiles' voice was not unintentional. He meant to make it incisive, meant to make it cut into her consciousness in the hope of forcing from her a cry of truth.

But no sound came from the blanched lips. She had known what was coming, but the direct accusation struck her with the force of a blow.

"You think I killed him?" she said, in an awed whisper. "You think I killed my father? Why, I loved him!"

"I *don't* say I think you killed him, Miss Eldridge. I only tell you you are a possible suspect."

"I suppose it comes to the same thing." She paused a moment, and then went quickly on. "I suppose you are going to say next that there are no adoption papers to be found, and that, therefore, I have no claim as a daughter. Then you are going to tell me my father left no will, and that, therefore, I am penniless. Go on, go on, Mr. Detective and Mr. Lawyer, go on and tell me!"

She was a little hysterical now, and Stiles felt so sorry for her he was almost ready to drop the whole affair.

But Crosby came to his rescue.

"Pull yourself together, Lorraine," he said, almost coldly, for he had no use for hysterical women. "Listen. You are in a very perilous situation. You were next to your father on the porch at the moment he was killed. No one else was within striking distance of him. You are found to be at odds with him. The weapon is one that you might have secured from the kitchen. You had opportunity to drive that knife into his breast, return to your place in the hammock, and, a few moments later, when the gong rang, arouse yourself, and say casually, 'Come, Father, lunch is ready.' You could have done all those things. *Did you?*"

Some terrible fate seems to brood over those in the Eldridge house. For, not many days after the stabbing of Austin Eldridge another astounding crime is committed there. Just what it is and how it happens will be revealed in the fourth installment, in next week's issue.

$16 a day And an Essex Coach Given

Yes, $16 a day. Here is an opportunity to make big money handling the business in your community for the famous Jennings guaranteed hosiery.
New plan brings big earnings and enables you to start without experience or training. Here is your chance to have an easy, pleasant, profitable business of your own.

Amazing Profits for Spare Time
Even in your spare time you can make $50 to $50 a week. Our plan shows you how. It saves you time. No capital is needed. All you do is take orders from our customers. We do the rest. We help you to build big list of regular buyers insuring large weekly income.

Wonderful Values
Jennings Hosiery is known everywhere. By dealing direct we offer customers amazing values and low prices that get orders in every home. Sensational guarantee. Hosiery must make good or we replace it free.

Write Today
Don't send any money. Write now for the Jennings Plan. We furnish everything. Our offer provides wonderful assortment of beautiful samples without cost. If you want a real money making proposition, a high-grade business, and big profits of $16 a day or more, just mail the coupon.

THE JENNINGS MFG. CO.
Hose, Q-23, Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Coupon Now
The Jennings Manufacturing Co., Hose, Q-23, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, complete details of your proposition to representatives.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

Save $38.80

Take advantage of the great saving we offer on the genuine, world-famous ball-bearing, long-wearing L. C. Smith Typewriter. Late model machines, standard size, up-to-date in every way, at remarkably low prices.

Free 10 Days' Trial
Just ask us to send you a machine. Then test it thoroughly for 10 days in your own home or office. If you are not more than satisfied that it is the finest typewriter and the greatest bargain you ever saw, just return it with absolutely no obligation to you. All our machines are sent for 10 days' free trial—they must sell themselves.

Send No Money
Do not send us a cent—just mail the coupon below. There are no strings tied to this unusual offer. Thousands of people have taken advantage of it and all are highly pleased.

A Year to Pay
Our special price is extraordinarily low and yet you have a full year to pay on easy installments. There is no "red tape." We employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage.

PERFECT MACHINES AT LOWEST PRICES
we have ever offered
Guaranteed 5 Years
We do the most perfect and highest class job of rebuilding known to the typewriter industry. Our machines do perfect work and last for years and years. Just like new. The L. C. Smith is the easiest machine to operate and you can easily type your own letters. Complete lessons on typewriting, also our 5 Year Guarantee with every machine.

FREE Send today for Free Booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information. Big Catalog and our Special Offer.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.
209-360 East Grand Avenue Chicago
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.,
209-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your Free Booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information. Catalog. Special Offer and Free Trial Application.
Name .....
Address .....

Weird Voices in the Air Proved to Be the Turning Point in the Life of

WILLIAM DUBILIER

AN INTERVIEW

By MARY SMALL

WILLIAM DUBILIER, the Napoleon of radio, who started life as a "newsy" in New York's lower East Side and is now recognized as one of the greatest electrical engineers, cites as the turning point in his life an amusing incident back in 1910.

"I was in Seattle, Washington, at the time of the World's Fair, making wireless tests for a syndicate which had been formed to establish connections between Alaska and the United States. Every night, from my station, I talked into the air. And when my voice grew tired, I switched on an old phonograph and continued my tests with music and vaudeville jokes.

"Now it happened that the Seattle *Times* had a small crystal receiving set, installed by one of its reporters, who was an amateur wireless bug and liked to pick up the ship news for the paper in this way. One night he tuned in just about the time I started making my tests—and thought he had either taken leave of his senses or was a party to some miraculous phenomenon.

"The next morning an excited article appeared in the paper, the writer insisting that he had actually picked words out of the air—'Hello! Hello!' and 'One, two, three, four, five!'

"Wireless telephones were mentioned occasionally at that time, but it was very difficult for the layman to stretch his imagination to the extent of actually believing such a thing could exist. Therefore the reporter called it a miracle and explained the psychology of the situation as an unbelievable and inconceivable thing which really did exist.

"The following night, when I was sure the reporter was listening in, I spoke directly to him, asking him if my voice was any stronger, if he could understand me better, and what did he think of spirits, anyway—the result being another article under the head: 'Revolutionary Thing Has Happened!'

WILLIAM DUBILIER
One of the world's leading radio experts.

"The next night I gave him music and jokes. But this proved my undoing. His reportorial instinct got to work and a few days later he found me out and came up with a photographer to work up a Sunday feature, in which I was established as the first broadcaster.

"THE Associated Press took up the story and it was reprinted in almost a thousand different papers. I received communications from ship operators miles out at sea, telling me they had picked up my talks and music. A lonely Canadian government official, two hundred miles away, thanked me for enlivening his long evenings. I was besieged with letters and telegrams from all over.

"Among them was a telegram from Chicago which changed the entire course of my life.

"It was a very long telegram wanting to know whether this miraculous thing was really a fact. It aroused my curiosity because of its length, but I decided to forget it and see what would happen. A few days later along came another, requesting an answer and stating that the sender would come at once to Seattle. It was signed with a Russian name and, my curiosity getting the better of me, I replied.

"Six months later I was in Russia installing a secret wireless in the Winter Palace of Czar Nicholas, as a guest at the palace and a participant in all of the royal entertainments.

"From there I went to England where, with the aid of Embury McLean, president of the Engineer Company of New York, I established a wireless syndicate. Then back to America."

Mr. Dubilier was at that time only twenty-one.

Today Mr. Dubilier is pronounced one of the foremost electrical engineers in the country, who has done as much as, if not more than, any other individual toward making radio what it now is. He is the inventor of more than two hundred patented devices, most of them pertaining to radio; has been consulted by the governments of the United States and many foreign countries, and has been decorated and honored both here and abroad.

He is chief engineer of the Dubilier Electrical Syndicate, Ltd., London; president of the Dubilier Condenser Company, New York, and president of the Dubilier Wireless Syndicate, Melbourne, besides being an officer and director in many other concerns.

Yet, were it not for the publicity given his first attempt at broadcasting, Mr. Dubilier might still be working along with some large concern, just a promising young engineer.

THE END

Twenty Years on BROADWAY

And the Years It Took to Get There

By GEORGE M. COHAN

The Life Story of the Miracle Man of the Stage—Written by Himself

START this anywhere. It's not a fiction serial with a plot, but the true story of a genius by a genius. Each installment is packed with laughs and human interest. Jump on board the Cohan Express right here! In last week's installment, which was the eighth of the series, Mr. Cohan told of the formation of the famous Cohan and Harris combine and how that firm became the busiest and most enterprising in the theatrical field. In this installment he resumes the memoirs which have made such a sensation.

NINTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXIX.

COMING INTO MY OWN

IN OCTOBER, 1913, with all the shows going and the season off to a good start, I again took to the road as a "trouper," making a tour of the principal cities in Broadway Jones. This trip came to an end in Detroit, January 31, 1914—my Dad's sixty-sixth birthday.

I made him a partner in all my theatrical enterprises and announced our permanent retirement from the stage. Mother and Dad made good their threat. They never appeared again. A combination of circumstances, however, led me back to the footlights in a very short time.

I hustled back to New York from Detroit and began wading through a mountain of submitted play manuscripts that littered the Cohan and Harris desks.

I immediately became what is known as a "play doctor." Rewriting, reconstructing, and generally revising 'scripts that contained some outstanding idea.

With Carlyle Moore I worked on a farce called Stop Thief!, which, after several "try-outs" of several versions, we finally brought into the Gaiety Theater. It turned out to be a very popular farce success. A few weeks later I bought from a popular magazine the stage rights of a story called None As So Blind—at least that was the title used on the galley sheets. I notified the magazine that I was going to call the play version The Miracle Man, so it published the story under that title also. I worked on the dramatization of this yarn for over two months before I completed the 'script. Up to then I had never devoted more than three or four weeks to any one play of mine.

We opened The Miracle Man at the Astor Theater early in September, 1914. The piece, while not a great box-office success, brought out several fine individual performances, notably the bit of character work done by Frank Bacon (who later became the star of Lightnin') as the small-town hotelkeeper.

Around the holiday time I sold the motion picture rights of the play, handed the production over to the stock companies, and started looking about for an attraction to follow along at the Astor.

"I'm stuck up for a show, Willie. Would you hop in a play right away if I wrote it?"

I said this to William Collier at the Friars' Club one afternoon.

Here's Georgie Cohan as he looked in April Fool, 'way back in the dim past—and above is a splendid likeness of George M. Cohan at the pinnacle of fame and prosperity, in 1924.

"I'll hop in it if you will," replied Willie.

"But I've sworn I'd never act again," I explained.

"You never did," he came back.

"Listen, Willie," I returned, after he had scored his laugh with the "gang." "I've caught you making believe you're an actor, and I never thought you were so good yourself."

"I'm terrible, I know that," said Collier, "so let's go in a play together and find out which is the worst."

We agreed to this with a handshake.

"I'll go home now and start work on the first act," and I headed for the clubhouse door.

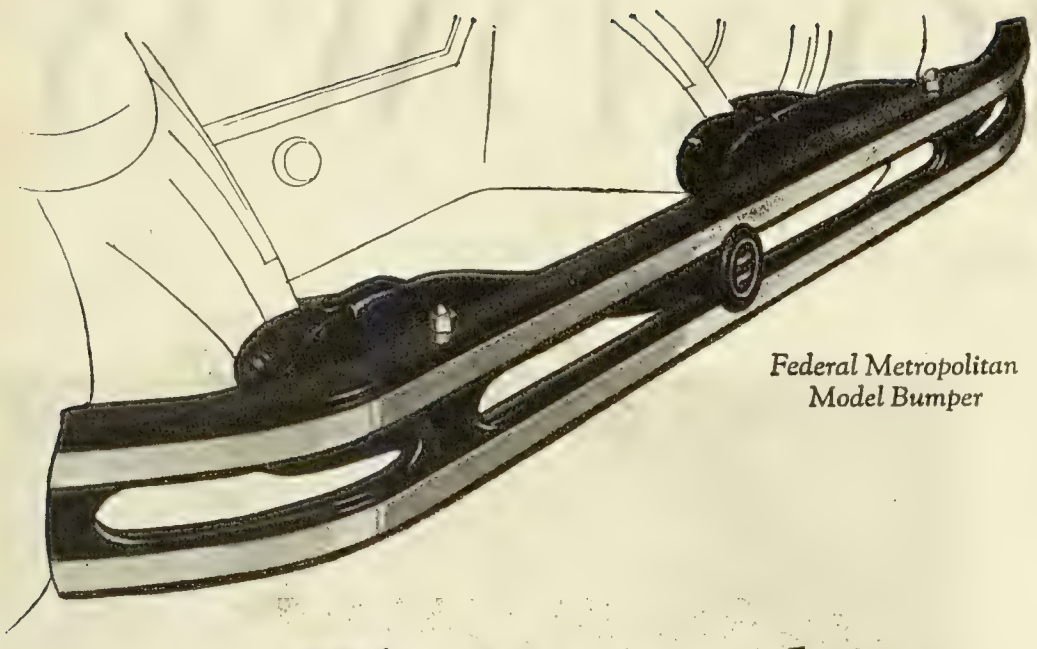
"Make it sure-fire, kid," Willie sang out. "Put a couple of flags in it."

THE following Monday we were in rehearsals with a musical review called Hello Broadway, in which we opened Christmas night. The success of this production is theatrical history. Collier proved himself to be as great a comedian in musical comedy as he was already conceded to be in farce. During this engagement at the Astor, which ran until the hot weather set in, I again went back to play doctoring, working with Max Marcin on a melodrama called The House of Glass. When that was completed I started work on an original play for Chauncey Olcott for the following season, and upon finishing that I plunged immediately into a three act farce which I named Hit the Trail Holliday.

Day and night, day and night, grind, grind, grind—besides the eight performances a week of a singing and dancing show—and don't forget that I had other business matters to attend to along with all this.

"You've certainly got things breaking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Federal Metropolitan Model Bumper

The Outstanding Bumper of the Year

THE Federal Bumper has the appearance of having been built with the car—harmonizing with automobile construction.

Its rugged beauty enhances the appearance—one of the chief reasons for the ready acceptance by motorists wherever shown.

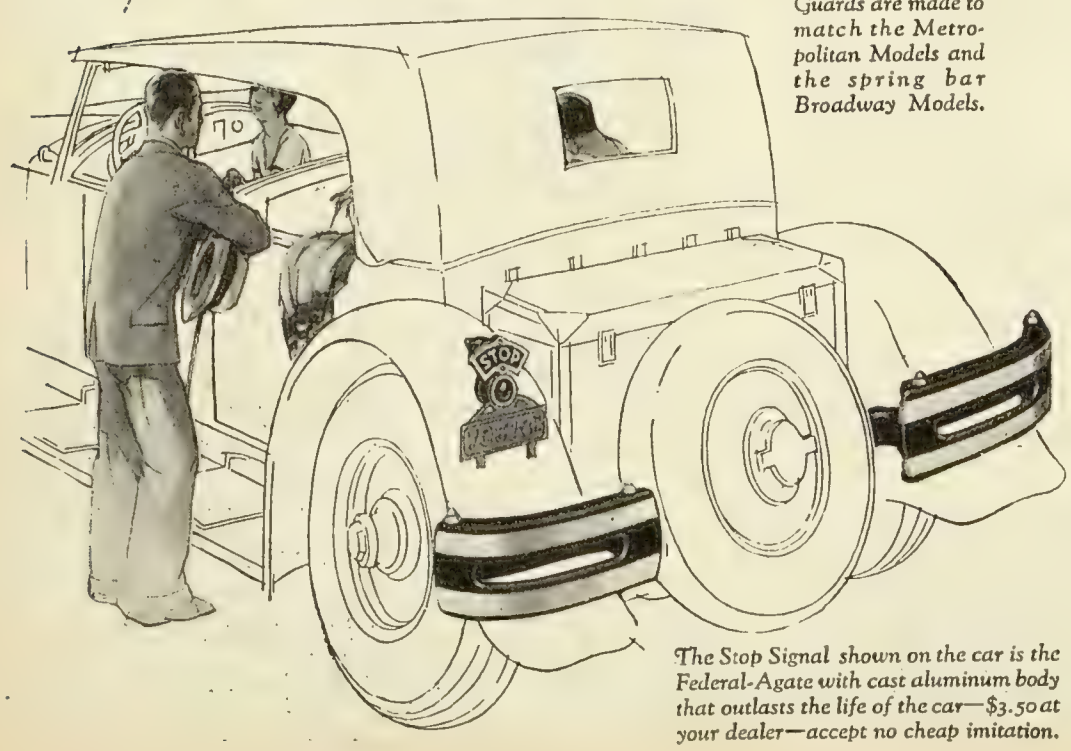
New Federal Fender Guards to match give equal protection to the rear of the car.

A copy of our Catalog No. 11 mailed on request.

FEDERAL PRESSED STEEL CO.
Jobbing Division
360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Factory: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FEDERAL BUMPERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Federal Rear Fender Guards are made to match the Metropolitan Models and the spring bar Broadway Models.

The Stop Signal shown on the car is the Federal-Agate with cast aluminum body that outlasts the life of the car—$3.50 at your dealer—accept no cheap imitation.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

pretty nice for you, young fellow," my friends would say.

"That's right, I realize that I'm a pretty lucky little guy." And I'd be half dead for the want of sleep when I'd say it.

But no one ever heard me complain of the work. No one ever heard me acknowledge that I was tired. I was always there with the big smile and apparently making light of it all.

The following August, during The Great Lover rehearsals, Leo Ditrichstein said to me:

"Why don't you take a trip abroad and rest up a bit?"

"I'll do that little thing," I promised, "just as soon as your play is on."

When The Great Lover was successfully launched I made plans to spend the winter in the south of France and proceeded to prepare for the trip.

"Give us another revue."

"Don't go away until you've given us another revue."

This was shot at me from every direction. European trip immediately cancelled.

A hop, skip, and jump to the nearest piano and the old F sharp chords were properly punished until I had drummed out the second Cohan Revue. A month later the show was produced at the Astor Theater, where it scored the biggest kind of success. I got so excited over the hit of this piece that all thoughts of a trip abroad were dismissed and I spent the winter reading and revising manuscripts, besides doing a little picture acting on the side.

Plays, plays, plays—mauling over plays of all sizes and subjects. It's a great life, boys, if your eyes hold out and the pencil factories keep open.

DURING this play doctoring period Adolph Zukor of the Famous Players Motion Picture Company made me a proposition to appear personally in the picturization of three of my plays—namely: Broadway Jones, Seven Keys to Baldpate, and Hit the Trail Holliday. I accepted the offer and wouldn't have missed the experience for worlds.

Over to Fort Lee, back to a New York studio, up the state for an outdoor scene, down to Jacksonville, Florida, for another location. They had me running about the country like a wild man, and during all this I was working on a new version of a comedy called The Tailor-Made Man, which was about to be placed in production.

I think my contract with the picture people was the biggest they had ever written up to that time. It took ten weeks' work to make the three plays and I received exactly thirty thousand dollars a week for my services. I was dizzy from high power lights and travel,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Cleans, Polishes and Protects

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation. It rejuvenates the varnish and gives a delightful air of immaculate cleanliness. It imparts a beautiful, hard, dry, glass-like polish which will not gather dust and lint or show finger prints. Johnson's Liquid Wax takes all the drudgery from dusting.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Your hardwood floors and linoleum will look better, clean easier and last longer if you polish them occasionally with **Johnson's** Liquid Wax. It will make them beautiful—easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel print. And Wax is the most economical polish for floors and linoleum.

FREE—Sample and 25c Book on Home Beautifying

Our Book on Home Beautifying tells how to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Ask for a FREE copy at the best paint or hardware store in your neighborhood. If you have difficulty securing the Book, fill out and mail the coupon below.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Stores maintaining Johnson Service Departments carry a complete line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes. They will be glad to give you a copy of the Johnson Book and tell you how to finish wood the proper way.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. LB-3, RACINE, WIS.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

Please send me a good sized sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a FREE copy of your 25c Book on Home Beautifying.

MY DEALER IS.....

My Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

but I came right back and dashed into the rehearsals of The Tailor-Made Man.

It was in this piece that Grant Mitchell first appeared as a star. This little comedy by Harry James Smith proved a smashing hit and ran for an entire year at the Cohan and Harris Theater. Several months more of play reading followed this production, along with the supervising of a couple of new shows in rehearsal. I had drifted away from musical comedy altogether by now and never thought of sitting at a piano.

The day we declared war on Germany, however, I fooled around the F sharp chords long enough to turn out a little war song, and a few months later the song writers said, for the first time, "That guy Cohan certainly can write a song." I'd waited a long time to hear them say this, but it took an upheaval of civilization to bring the thing about.

Little by little you've probably noticed that I came into my own. Accepted by the dancers in 1908, "okayed" by the dramatists in 1913, and taken into the fold by the song writers in 1917.

Of course, they didn't any of them hand me any medals or loving cups or anything like that; they merely told in their own language that I "belonged." I've always thought that the least they might have done would have been to slip me a red, white, and blue ribbon, or something of the kind.

You see, I'd like to be able to prove to the layman that I'm in high society.

"Now, if they'd only admit that I'm a good actor," I thought to myself.

But, alas! the actors refused to declare themselves.

CHAPTER XXX.

NO VACATIONS.

"I WANT you to do a favor for me, Georgie," said George Tyler, the genial theatrical manager, during the spring of 1918. I thought surely he was going to ask me to rewrite a play, but he explained that he wanted me to play in one instead.

"I'm promoting an all-star tour for the benefit of the American Red Cross Society," he continued. "It's two weeks' hard work, but it's for a worthy cause."

"Sure; put my name down," I said, and he handed me the rôle of the invalid American soldier in Hartley Manners' war play, Out There.

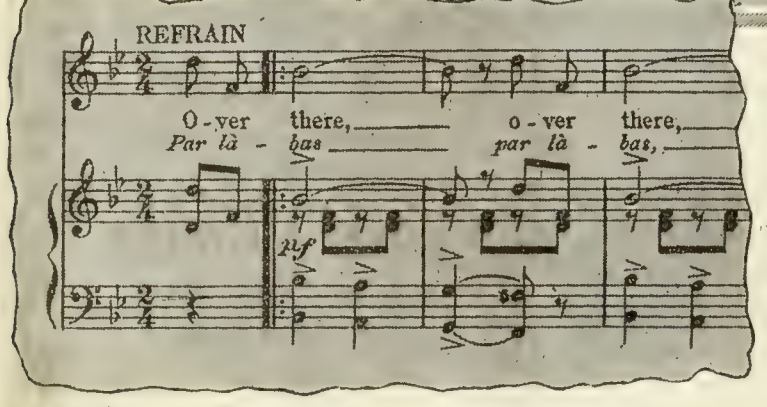
The cast included Mrs. Fiske, Laurette Taylor, Madame Cisneros, Helen Ware, Julia Arthur, James K. Hackett, James T. Powers, H. B. Warner, George Arliss, George McFarland, Chauncey Olcott, O. P. Heggie, and several others. We turned all the big cities into one night stands and returned to New York in two weeks' time after playing to gross receipts amounting to over six hundred thousand dollars.

It was, without exception, the most successful all-star affair ever put together. It was from a box-office standpoint, at any rate. As for the company—well, it was just like a great big family. Have you ever lived next door to a great big family? If so, you've possibly some idea of what I mean. Laurette Taylor wrote a book about the trip. I could have written several, but I laughed them off.

While on this trip I wrote a new play for

Cover design of George M. Cohan's most famous composition—the great war song, Over There.

Over there—American soldiers marching between solid rows of Parisians cheering the Stars and Stripes.



First bars of the chorus from Over There.
Copyright: Leo Feist: 1917.

Chauncey Olcott, The Voice of McConnell, which we put into rehearsals upon our return to New York. In this play Olcott did the best light comedy work of his career.

Again I announced the fact that I was about to grab a boat for sunny France. I was bound to get that long waited for vacation in some way, some time or other.

"GIVE us another revue." "Don't go away until you've given us another revue." Special request of the boys and girls of Broadway. European trip postponed.

"Bring on your darned old piano," I cried, and sat down and tried to work. I was "all in," "dead tired," and, for the first time in my life, acknowledged the fact, but only to myself. My mind was dull, the piano seemed out of tune or out of sympathy, I couldn't tell which. The melodies were commonplace, the lyrics were worse. "What'll I do?" I thought.

An idea flashed in my mind; I ran to the telephone.

"Get Irving Berlin on the wire," I hollered, and waited for the connection.

"Hello, Irving! How'd you like to do a revue with me?"

"I'll be right over," he sang back.

Together we drummed out the troupe which opened at the New Amsterdam Theater Christmas night, 1918. This show, with Nora Bayes heading the cast, finished out the season in New York and then made a tour of the principal cities. With this production off my mind, I sat down and gave myself a good talking to.

"You've been going pretty strong, young fellow, for over thirty years, without relaxing at all. You'll fall in a heap the first thing you know." Then a little further thought on the subject. "Take a long rest, kid; the whole thing isn't worth the worry." While laying down the law to myself along these lines, I opened a package that had just arrived by mail.

It contained an autographed photograph of President Wilson. "To George M. Cohan from Woodrow Wilson" it was inscribed.

"What's this all about?" I wondered.

An inclosed note fell to the floor. It read:

> Dear George Cohan: The President considers your war song, Over There, a genuine inspiration to all American manhood.

The note was signed by the President's secretary, Joseph P. Tumulty.

I started thinking again, but along different lines.

"The whole thing isn't worth the worry, eh?" I looked at the President's signature again.

"You were going to quit, were you?" I read the note over the second time.

"We'll see about that."

I hurried to the safe, where I secreted the secretary's note, placed the President's photograph on my office desk, sat down, and started

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They Have Found

a better way to clean teeth

DENTAL science has found a better way to clean teeth. Modern authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Millions of people already employ it.

A ten-day test is offered to anyone who asks. Get it and see the delightful effects. Learn what this new way means.

Combats the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, does not end it. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

New-day methods

After diligent research, methods have been found to fight film. Careful tests have amply proved them. Now they are being very widely adopted, largely by dental advice.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. They can thus be twice daily applied. And to millions they are bringing a new dental era.

Important effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It also aids Nature in three ways which faulty diet makes essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

These things should be daily done for better tooth protection.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

What you will see

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will convince you. No old way of tooth brushing has ever brought such results.

1627

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 373, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

work on a new version of a play called The Acquittal.

There I was, right at it again. The vacation stuff just wasn't in the cards.

I had just finished the second act of The Acquittal when I received a hurried call for help from Robert Hilliard. I threw aside the manuscript I was working on and rushed to his assistance.

Little did I suspect what a cute little "jam" I was getting myself into when I hopped on a train for Philadelphia to offer an opinion on a play called A Prince There Was. Hilliard had produced the piece and was appearing in the leading rôle.

"Close it up, Bob," I advised after watching the entire performance.

"Isn't there anything good about it at all?" he asked.

"Not from where I was sitting," I replied.

"How do you like the title?" He was trying to interest me from some angle.

"It's a fairly good title," I admitted; "but there's no entertainment in a name."

"Couldn't you take the title and write a play around it?" he inquired.

I LAUGHED at the idea, and explained that I was hard at work on a melodrama for early production and couldn't think of such a thing.

"I wish you'd help me out, kid; I'm up against it with this production on my hands. It's cost me a pile of money, and, for old times' sake, I'm going to ask you to stretch a point in my behalf."

He put it right up to our friendship, which had been of years' standing. I had never written or rewritten plays for any office except my own, and, knowing this fact, Hilliard offered to go under my management and hand the production over to me to do with as I saw fit.

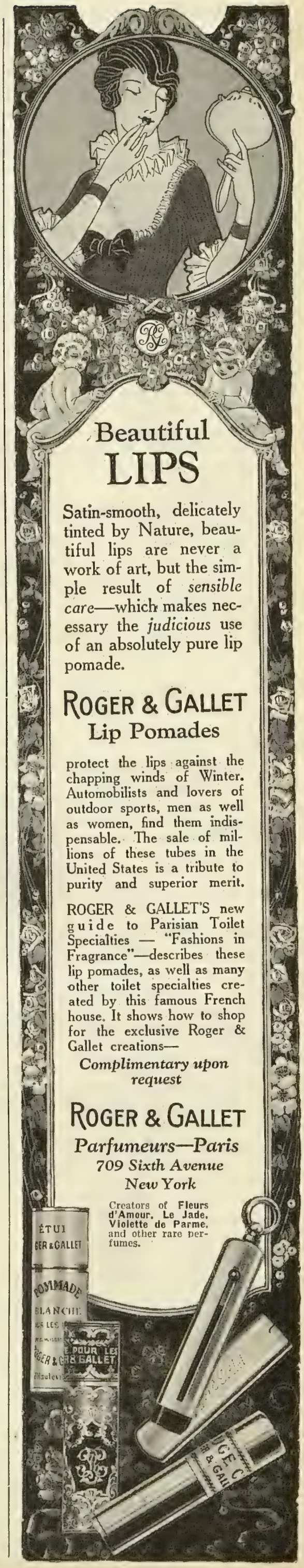
"No, I'd rather not become interested in that way, Bob," I told him; "but just to show you that I'll go through for a pal I'll write a new version of this thing under a regulation author's contract."

He couldn't begin to thank me enough. His partner in the production, William Elliott, shook hands with me a hundred and fifty times before I boarded the midnight train for New York.

I laid aside The Acquittal and went to work on A Prince There Was. I kept the same set of characters and stuck to the title, but outside of that there was nothing of the original play left when we went into rehearsals ten days later.

The play opened in Stamford, Connecticut, for one night, and then went straight to Broadway and into the George M. Cohan Theater. The press was bad, the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

business was bad, and the critics all agreed that the play was bad. Friday night of the opening week Hilliard and I had a talk. It started as an argument, but ended in a friendly chat.

"I don't like the part," he said.

"I think it's a great part," I argued.

"The play's all wrong."

"The play's all right, Bob."

"Why don't you play it yourself?" he suggested.

"All right, I will." I wrote him out a check for twenty-five thousand dollars, gave him a share in the future profits, a small percentage of the gross receipts, and hopped in the following afternoon (Saturday matinée) after a twenty-minute rehearsal with the company. The piece remained at the Cohan Theater for the balance of the season and proved a genuine box-office success.

Toward the end of March I slipped Grant Mitchell into the part and quietly stepped out of the cast. We organized a second company of the same piece, which toured the country while the "number one" show played the principal cities. It was during the New York run of A Prince There Was that Isidore Witmark, the music publisher, brought me the manuscript of Cherry Blossoms, a three-act operetta.

"Here's a great little musical play," he said. "I wish you'd look it over."

"How's that old song of mine getting on?" I inquired. He had almost forgotten he'd ever published a song of mine.

"What song is that?" he inquired.

I mentioned the title, Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?

We had a great laugh over the old song and chatted about the old days, and I agreed to read the operetta and let him know within a week whether or not I'd be interested in its production.

The next day I called him on the phone.

"All right, Izzy," I said, "I'll do it." He was tickled to pieces. So was I.

"Here's where I get even," I thought to myself.

I revamped the score, interpolated a half dozen new numbers, rewrote the book, twisted the story upside down, poked fun at the whole idea, turned the operetta into a jazzy musical show, renamed it The Royal Vagabond, and produced it at the Cohan and Harris Theater. It was a smashing success and everybody was satisfied. It took me twenty-five years to get even with the Witmarks and that's the way I did it.

With this show successfully landed, I went back to the unfinished manuscript of The Acquittal, which I hadn't touched in months. I finished it up in a week's time and placed it in rehearsals at once. The Acquittal was a dramatization of a story by Rita Weiman, who sent it to me in play form and requested that the play be Cohanized for production.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OFF TO THE COAST.

AFTER a week in Atlantic City for a tryout which proved successful, we took it off and laid it aside for the following season. It was now June, 1919, and I hadn't a blessed thing on my mind and was to be as free as a bird until September time.

"Nothing to do from June till September!" I could hardly believe it was true.

"Here's a chance for a real vacation at last," I whispered to myself. I got on the phone and rang up Steve Reardon, at the Friars Club.

Steve and I had been pals for years. We still are, for that matter.

You might picture Reardon as a tall, slender, delicate-looking individual wearing horn-rimmed glasses and carrying an umbrella.

You may picture him like that if you care to, but don't let him hear about it.

Reardon is a cop, or, rather, he was a cop for over twenty years. He was a wonderful cop, too. Ask any cop. He's been retired for a long time, now, and is a gentleman of leisure in the truest sense of the word. He has a brain, loves books, and possesses a bank roll.

Reardon hasn't worked in years and solemnly swears that he never will again. Can you imagine a man who not only absolutely refuses to work, but goes about advocating the idea, hanging around with me? Well, it's a fact. Reardon and I string it out together. We get many a laugh, too. He always refers to me as "The Slave," while my pet name for him is "Hobo."

"How about a little motor trip to Chicago?" I asked him, over the phone.

"What's going on in Double Newark?" he inquired. He labeled the Windy City "Double Newark" years ago.

"Nothing going on," I replied. "I'm taking a vacation. Don't have to get back till September."

This handed him a laugh.

"I'm on the level," I went on. "Got the car waiting in front of the door now."

"I'll be right over," he shouted and, ten minutes later, we were climbing into the auto.

"Before we start I'd like to take a spin as far as Providence and see the old home town," I suggested.

"Anywhere you like, kid," he chuckled. "Go to Frisco if you want to. I'm with you."

"Not a bad idea at that; let's do it."

"What?"

"Go through to Frisco from Providence."

"Say, are you kidding me?" He weighed me up.

"No, I'm dead serious," I assured him. We shook hands; the thing was settled. After the Providence trip we were to start for the coast.

"See you boys next September," he shouted to a group of Friars in front of the Club, and away we went for a rare old time, as he put it.

WE pulled into New Haven about seven o'clock that evening, and stopped at the Taft House for dinner.

"Let's stay here over night and get an early start in the morning," Reardon suggested while we were dining.

We engaged rooms, left a six o'clock call, and went to our suite to have a smoke and talk over our vacation plans before retiring. During the chat I reached for the telephone and Reardon pulled it out of my hands.

"Let that alone," he commanded. "If you're going to enjoy this vacation you've got to keep away from telephones."

"I must ring up the Cohan and Harris Theater, Steve," I explained. "Something I forgot to tell Sam Forrest." Forrest was the Cohan and Harris stage manager.

"Tell him when we get back next September," said Reardon.

"Listen, Steve," I pleaded. "I promise you that, after tonight, I won't talk over the phone except to my own family for the next two months." He fell for this and handed me the instrument. I put in the call and got a quick connection.

"Hello, how's the house tonight, son?" I was talking to the treasurer in the theater box office.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Cohan? Gosh! We've been trying to locate you for two hours." He seemed terribly excited.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Hold the wire a minute," he replied. "Mr. Harris wants to speak to you."

"What's happened, kid?" inquired Steve, as he edged closer to the phone.

"I don't know, yet." But I could tell that something was wrong.

"Hello, George." It was Harris' voice. "Where are you?"

"I'm in New Haven," I answered.

"Well, you're in luck," and he laughed "There's a riot around this town tonight."

"What do you mean?" I sensed what it was.

"The actors have gone on a strike," he replied.

"Hold the wire a second, Sam." I turned and told Reardon the news.

He fell over on one of the beds, laughing like a two-year-old.

"There goes our vacation," he shouted.

"See you in the morning, Sam," I yelled to Harris, and hung up the receiver.

It took us until three o'clock to locate the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN

"Efficiency Experted?"

O. O. McINTYRE

Has any bespectacled gentleman with a gimlet eye and a hatchet mouth ever stood beside you, a stop-watch in one hand and a notebook in the other, while you were trying to get through your daily task? And has he made cryptic notes, and taken motion pictures of you, and finally come around and told you to hold your hand at an angle of sixty-nine degrees from your arm, so you could turn out eleven per cent more work?

If you have met such a person, you'll enjoy what one of New York's most facile humorists has to say on the subject. He has been "experted," evidently—and he tells about experts in an article called

Meet the Expert Brothers—
Efficiency and Vocational

in next week's Liberty. O. O. McIntyre is the humorist in the case, and those who read his columns in over a hundred newspapers throughout the country know that he can do a good job when he sets out to get laughs out of anything. Watch for this article in next week's Liberty—on news stands next Wednesday.

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!

Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

WHAT'S BECOME OF THE FOUR HUNDRED?

Where is that sacred social set today? How times have changed since Ward McAllister issued his annual dictum as to who *were* and who *weren't*.

Read this fascinating comparison of our national social life as it was in the nineties and as it is today!

In next Wednesday's LIBERTY

at all newsstands

5c

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

chauffeur. He'd been dismissed for the night. We finally found the young man, and were on our way back to New York at four-thirty in the morning.

"How did you enjoy the trip to California?" I inquired of Reardon, as we shot through Bridgeport about six o'clock.

"A delightful trip, Mr. Cohan. A thoroughly delightful trip," he went on. "Still, it will seem good to get back to dear old New York again. I dare say the old town's changed considerably since we left for the coast."

He leaned back in the seat with a funny grin on his face, puffed away at his cigar, and added, "You should have taken this rest years ago, my boy. It's done you the world of good. You look like a new man."

He kept up this line of talk all the way to New York. I wasn't a particularly good audience, however. I had too much on my mind.

Sitting on the world! Not many men crash through to all the goals they set themselves in childhood. But George M. Cohan did. In the tenth installment of Twenty Years on Broadway, in next week's issue, he tells how the last barriers went before him. A wonderful climax to a wonderful series of memoirs, which has been the talk of the country.

KNIGHT OF THE ROAD

By Berton Braley

St. George, when he sought out the dragon,
Knew not any mightier thrill
Than I, when I get out the "wagon"
And drive over valley and hill.
My pulses are all of a-quiver,
A Knight of Adventure I feel,
Up there on the seat of my flivver,
My hands on the rim of the wheel.

Sir Launcelot riding his charger,
A wonderful sight to the eye,
While probably very much larger
Was not any bolder than I.
And though he caused armies to shiver
And ogres to totter and reel,
I master a buck-jumping flivver,
My hands on the rim of the wheel.

It's true that my equipage clatters;
It's old—and I'm awfully poor.
But nary a bit of it matters
When I start away on a tour.
The speed that I make isn't dizzy,
The distance I go isn't far,
But somehow I feel that my Lizzie
Is tied to the tail of a star!

I'm bound to my commonplace labor,
"A shoemaker stuck to his last,"
But once at the wheel I am neighbor
And peer to the knights of the past,
Of life I'm a glorious liver,
I know how the conquerors feel
When I'm on the seat of my flivver,
My hands on the rim of the wheel!

FREE To Housewives

Send us your name and we will send you FREE and POSTPAID, a 10-cent bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for your daily dusting. Cleans, dusts and polishes with one sweep of your dust cloth. Renews pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes everything look like new. Makes dusting a pleasure. Moreover, we will tell you how to obtain, FREE, a

$2.00 LIQUID VENEER MOP

Has removable swab for washing, all yarn center, adjustable handle and many other exclusive features. You'll be delighted. Every housewife needs one. Will not cost you one penny. Write now for your FREE sample and particulars.

Sold by hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and general stores.

LIQUID VENEER COMPANY
435 Ellicott Street
Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER
POLISHING PRODUCTS

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

ORDERING YOUR DINNER GOWN by Corinne Lowe

The first model at the left is one of black and beige satin from Callot, showing a deft handling of the diagonal line. Next, a flame colored velvet from Patou, beaded in green, blue, and gold. Third from the left is a black chiffon from Lucien Lelong, with silver spangles of different sizes. At the right is a Worth creation of white ribbed silk.

IF YOU are one of those women who appear on the hotel register as "Mrs. Blank van Blank and maids," who speak freely of "my town house" and "my country house," then a formal evening gown means something in your life. From the first of December until Lent you need it for a succession of state dinners and brilliant operatic performances and balls.

But if, on the contrary, you belong to the group of average women, the décolleté gown is doomed to spend more of its evenings with the moth balls than at the butterfly balls. As compared to the simpler type of evening frock known as a dinner dress it is, in fact, a luxury.

To the average woman the dinner frock is almost indispensable. She wears it when she goes to the small dinner at a friend's house—an occasion when the more elaborate toilette would be entirely out of place. She wears it to the restaurant and country club dinner which precedes dancing. And often, too, it is her choice of apparel at the theater.

And what is the difference between the formal evening gown and the dinner frock? Very often the only line drawn is the neck line. Instead of the extremely low décolletages that distinguish so many of this season's elaborate evening toilettes, the more useful type of frock shows restraint of the scissors. Then, too, elaboration of fabric and detail is usually renounced in favor of utilitarian simplicity.

I am showing above a group of frocks adapted to the average woman's 7:00 P. M. social engagements. At the left you will find a model from Callot which is particularly rich in suggestions as to how elimination of trimming may be linked with subtlety of effect.

The first of such suggestions is based on the combination of black satin and beige satin.

The second is found in a very deft handling of the diagonal line. Thus you will see that the line of the bodice slopes down in front from the top of the left shoulder, where it joins with the back of the corsage, to a depth determined by the one strap of jet. To balance this are the effective slanting lines of bodice and skirt.

Among formal evening gowns you will find numerous models developed in a lovely tone of geranium red. This is also used for the dinner gown, and we illustrate it here in a Patou model of velvet, beaded strikingly in green, blue, and gold, and set off with side godets of matching chiffon. The effect of shirring at the long waistline is one encountered repeatedly in present modes.

Some dinner gowns are interpreted with sleeves—either fitted or flowing.

In our third illustration Lucien Lelong assures us that a sleeve may be no more oppressive than a cobweb. For here the wing draperies of black chiffon merely cover the top of the arm. They are added to a straight line frock of black chiffon posed over matching crêpe de Chine and trimmed with silver spangles in different sizes.

Again the metallic touch is encountered in the last model, a Worth creation of white ribbed silk made over silver lace slip and embroidering its skirts in large floral design of silver. The ornament in front of silver and pearls is accented by gold tassels.

VARIED STYLE TENDENCIES FOR LATE FALL

By PATRICIA

THE silhouette remains slender and, in spite of prophesies to the contrary, waistlines continue, if not long, somewhere slightly below the regular waistline. However, there is a slight tendency toward shapelier clothes—those which follow the lines of the body more closely.

Plaits adroitly placed to lend grace and width to the straight skirt of style No. 1641 make it one the woman who has increased her weight with years will find becoming. The neck is cut in a becoming V to reveal an inset vest of the same material as that used for the collar, sleeve, facing, and belt.

While it is not always advisable for the woman who is inclined to be stout to select figured materials, she may with certainty use the new heavy crêpes which are printed with motifs in a slightly darker tone than that of the goods, producing a shadowy effect. The plain crêpes and crêpe satins, kasha, and fine poplin weaves are also suitable.

The patterns for No. 1641 are cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3¾ yards of 44-inch material with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting are required.

Pattern No. 2166 is a smart little style for small girls of 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. It is equally attractive whether long sleeves finished with wristbands or those of shorter length are used. For the 4-year size, 2½ yards of 32-inch material with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting are required.

The embroidery design in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 705 comes in blue only and costs fifteen cents extra.

The Spanish influence is well represented in the attractive design of Ciré lace. Pattern No. 2215 would also be stunning made with the bodice of velvet or satin and just the skirt of lace.

The pattern for No. 2215 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 4¼ yards of 32-inch lace flouncing are required.

For the girl or the young matron who seeks a smart street dress, nothing could be expected to fill that need better than the jaunty style shown in No. 2239. Notice that it is made with the popular convertible collar and that the vogue for button trimming is also a prominent feature. The pattern for No. 2239 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material are required.

The button-down-the-front dress is a popular one. One cannot pass lightly over style No. 2228 without recognizing the season's favored features combined. A novelty check similar to men's suiting, now being used extensively for dresses of this type, is suggested for the woman who is slender. The woman of larger figure would do wisely to select a plain material such as twill, bengaline, faille silk, and poplin.

Dress pattern No. 2228 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material with ⅝ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number Size Price

.....

.....

.....

.....

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

How did your garters look this morning?

The forgetful man waits for his garters to remind him to renew them.

The careless man buys garters with his eyes shut.

The comfortable man asks for Bostons and insists on Bostons and wears fresh, clean garters always.

The Oblong Rubber Button, the fine quality of webbing and workmanship and the wrinkle proof pad which lies flat and smooth with no metal on it make Bostons popular with well dressed men the world over.

Your favorite color, in either wide web or narrow, single or double grip.

George Frost Company, Boston

Also makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for women, misses, children and infants.

To insure getting Bostons when you ask for them look for this picture by Coles Phillips on the box.

Boston Garter

"A Skin You Love to Touch"
painted by R. F. Schabelitz

You, too, can have

A skin you love to touch . . .

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10c

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1432 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.

With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1432 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont., *English agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Cut out this coupon and mail it today

SLEEP—fresh air—the right food—all these help to maintain the general tone of your skin.

But good health alone will not insure a good complexion. Many conditions that seriously detract from the appearance of the skin, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc., are of purely local origin.

Give your skin itself special care, if you want it to be smooth, soft, delightful in texture and color.

Each day your skin is changing

You *can* have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this *new* skin special care, you can actually make your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before.

You will find the special treatment your skin needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and read, in this booklet, just how to take care of your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Copyright, 1924, by The Andrew Jergens Co.